

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
MONTHLY REVIEW.

Vol. L. — SEPTEMBER, 1873. — No. 3.

RELIGION AND EVOLUTION.*

BY REV. S. R. CALTHROP.

"The law of the spirit of life." — ROM. viii. 2.

WE live in the best possible Universe, because there is, and can be, only one Universe. There is not room for two infinities. One Universe and one Law. Precisely the same physical laws are around Sirius as are around our Earth. Know the law of the dust beneath your feet, and you know the law of the starry vault above your head. Know the law of the knife-blade in your pocket, and you know how God's angel of iron works in all his worlds. Precisely the same spiritual laws are around Sirius as are around our Earth. Know the spiritual laws that are around your head and in your heart to-day and you have the key to the Universe of Life. Aye and yet further; the physical and the spiritual Universe, in ways past man's understanding, melt into each other, and make one Universe with one Law for star and

* Delivered before the Western and Berry St. Conferences, April 29 and May 28, 1873.

worm : one Law for rock, plant, animal, and man : one Law for body and for soul, for earth and heaven, — the Law of that Infinite Spirit of Life, who pervades the whole, and is the Moving Life-Force of the whole. My doctrine, said Confucius, "is one of an All-pervading Unity."

Two great affirmations are welded into one in our text : —

First, that the Spirit of Life acts according to Law : —

Secondly, that, the Foundation of Law is the Spirit of Life.

The first affirmation is the direct opposite of a religious error : the second, of a scientific error. The religious error is, that Life is lawless ; the scientific error is, that Law is lifeless.

First, then, for the religious error, which is the lawlessness of Life. Men of the spirit, filled with a zeal for God, not according to knowledge, have in all ages done desperate battle against our first affirmation. If they have been right, then all search after "an All-pervading Unity," is hopeless from the start. We must, therefore, look a little into their assertions, and for that purpose, let us examine the text quoted beyond all others in support of their views. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, yet canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth, — so is every one that is born of the Spirit," said Jesus. In other words, the entrance of the Spirit is forever a beautiful surprise. "God comes to see us without bell," we hear no faintest foot-fall on the floor, yet the Angel of his Presence is with us. One moment ago, we were in the hard old world, whose vulgar lessons we had learned to weariness. But now, as if by magic, trial seems easy to be borne : duty not hard to be done : Heaven is around us, and God within.

To some such noble use as this, this great text has been put in all ages ; but I quote it here, rather to point out the ignoble abuse to which it has been subjected. To too many it has conveyed the impression, not of surprise, but of Caprice. If there was one thing in nature which conveyed to our ancestors the idea of pure chance, or pure wilfulness, it was the blowing of the wind. As the vane on the steeple shifted first his way, then that way, without the slightest apparent rea-

son, it was to them the aptest type of the fickleness of fortune, or the caprice of a tyrant's moods. When therefore the movements of the Spirit were compared to those of the wind, it suggested to them the idea, not of the law, but of the *lawlessness* of the Spirit of Life.

But now, when each day's newspaper tells us the quarter whence the wind will blow: whether the wind will be wet or dry, warm or cold, strong or weak, we are beginning to understand that the wind is fickle only in seeming,—that the movements of the air obey the eternal law as perfectly as the stars in their courses. 'Tis one sign out of the ten thousand that we now see, that there is no chance movement in a universe, where "Nothing is, that errs from Law." Having this thought in my heart, I sat down by that sweet water-fall of Central New York,—as yet unsung, but which one day surely will have its poet,—I sat and saw that all nature was obedient to Law. The blue-bells on the rocky banks budded and blossomed, and nodded their gentle heads, in obedience to Law. The ferns uncoiled their growing fronds, the green leaves rustled, and the branches grew, the sunlight sparkled, and the clouds floated, all guided by Law. I stooped down and picked up the petrified mud of the old sea-bottom, and stood in thought on the shore of that primeval sea, whose waters saw the first dawnings of life upon the planet. What an infinite number of changes had passed over the earth since those Trenton mollusks and trilobites had revelled in the warm tropic sea! Yet every change for ten million years had all been guided by Law!

Past those scarred and venerable rocks the water leaped and sparkled and dissolved in spray, and the fresh breeze ruffled its surface and tossed the white foam hither and thither. The wind and the water, the two latest born of time, hurrying without a pause past the most ancient monuments of the buried ages! Cunning immortals, youngest in seeming of all God's creatures, and yet the oldest they of all things I saw on earth that day. Those fresh drops of water had helped to deposit that rocky layer, ages on ages ago; were older than the mollusk, older than the trilobite,

older than all, save the wind that played with them, the self-same wind that played with them millenniums ago. Lawless immortals! running, dashing hither and thither, bound seemingly by no law save their own wanton wills! And yet, not tree nor flower, nor cloud, nor rock, nor buried fossil obeyed the Law more perfectly than these twin genii of the water and the air!

"Except a man be born of water and of wind, he cannot see the kingdom of God," was the dark saying of the Seer of old. Let us thank God that to-day we know enough at least to be sure that if that is to be Spirit-born, it does not mean to be born outside of Law.

Man, ignorant, sees Caprice in nature everywhere; Man, instructed, sees Law in nature everywhere. Man, ignorant, sees in the movements of the Divine Spirit, only the caprice of an arbitrary will; Man, instructed, sees Eternal Law forever ruling the Universe of Mind. It is the central task, then, of the spiritual man to-day to reduce the breath of the Spirit of Life to order in men's minds: to show that that Spirit does not blow capriciously upon one, and capriciously refuse to blow upon another: but that the law is, that the Breath of God enters equally two souls equally open, be they far apart in space as the antipodes, far apart in time as the first man and the last. In a word, the spiritual man's special task to-day is to show that in the realm of the Spirit, Life is never lawless.

II. But the spiritual man has, in our day, another, and an almost equally important task, namely, to maintain, with all the force that is in him, that in the realm of Matter as well as of Spirit, Law is never lifeless. It is in this direction that he has to fight the Atheism, or the more common Semi-theism of the day. The Atheist is Man mastered by endless details, and unable to mount to principles. In his best form, he is Man industriously occupied in linking together an endless chain of causes and effects; and so absorbed in this really useful work, as to be often wholly unconscious that the whole chain needs to be accounted for, as well as the fitting in of the links.

The Semi-theist is Man just beginning to discern feebly a

difficulty, and taking refuge from his incipient insight in a cloud of vague generalities. "God governs by great General Laws," is his phrase, with which he helps himself over the hard places, and succeeds fairly in at least keeping God at a convenient distance.

I do not purpose, here, to address a word directly to the Atheist; but seeing that only too many hapless souls are stranded to-day on the shallow flats of Semi-theism, suffer me to pause here a moment, to address a word to such.

I confess, that I for one hate this vague talk about General Laws, because it hides from men and women the divine splendor in the midst of whose light they live; because it would substitute a vague sense of the moving of lifeless wheels for the grasp of a Father's hand.

"God governs by great General Laws," you say. Very true, but not in the sense you mean. General Laws do not govern: the Law of Gravitation does not govern. The *Force* of Gravitation governs. The Law, so called, is merely a verbal expression of the mode of operation of the Living Force that governs.

So, General Laws do not govern for God, instead of God, as go-betweens between us and God. God himself governs, by being alive all over the Universe. The so-called General Laws are only so many verbal expressions of the eternal mode by which his Life, his Living Force, acts upon the Universe.

General Laws do not bring up my children: I bring them up. General laws only express, or should express, the uniform, unalterable wisdom, kindness, forbearance, pity, firmness, justice with which I bring them up. General Laws do not walk up and down the room with my baby in their arms when he is sick, do not put him in the corner when he is naughty and feel twice as badly as he does when he cries in consequence. General Laws do not go on tiptoe through the darkened room where my child that tossed on his fevered bed has just fallen into the blessed sleep which will bring him back to life again. General Laws do not feel the great gap, the huge chasm which a tiny baby grave makes. No! it takes the tender father and mother hearts, the love force

that is in those hearts, to do and feel all this. So, General Laws never made an apple fall, a planet spin, a star to rush through the spaces, a nebula to roll itself up into worlds, a galaxy to blaze with awful splendor. No, it takes a Living Force, acting instantaneously, without pause or break throughout the starry spaces, to do all this. So, also in the world of Mind, General Laws do not surround the infant soul with an atmosphere of beauty and wonder; do not inspire youth and maid with the sweet hope of a love that shall be conqueror over Time; do not set the feet of men and women steadfast on the way of Righteousness; do not support the tottering steps of age down toward the Valley of the Shadow; it is not they that whisper to the souls descending into that Shadow, Fear not, for I am with thee! "Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" says Jesus in the Gospel. So might the besetting Spirit say to the souls born of His breath, and dwelling in the midst of His bosom.

But enough of this digression. We must now endeavor to give a precise answer to the question, "What is the Law of the Spirit of Life?" In one word, it is *Evolution*. The Universe is not a skillfully put together piece of mechanism, it is a Growth: 'Tis the great Tree of Life, whose branches are galaxies, and whose buds and blossoms are stars. From the Universe of Yesterday the Universe of To-day is born, evolved by the constant action of the Eternal Force. This is the most tremendous generalization that has ever been reached by human thought. The Scientific Evolutionist is willing to stake his whole theory on every single phenomenon in every department of knowledge. If you can prove to him, beyond a peradventure, that one single thing in the Universe, Star, Planet, Ocean, Rock, Plant, Animal or Man, — or any minutest subdivision of these, — does not absolutely obey the Law of Evolution, then he will agree to give up his whole theory on the spot.

It is this thought that we, as men of Religion, are called upon to meet. There are only two ways of meeting it. The first is of blank denial; which means obstruction, and

anathematization in minds of a low order : which means resolute attempt at disproof in minds of nobler strain, or a falling back on faith, if pushed to the wall. The second method is that of frank and cordial acceptance : is to take the dry bones of this gigantic theory, and breathe into them the breath of life. The Scientific Man mere says, "Evolution is the Law." The Religious Scientist says, "Evolution is the Law of the Spirit of Life." In a word, we must fill Evolution full of God.

The Religious Evolutionist is a God-intoxicated man. Show him a single thing in the Universe, Star, Planet, Ocean, Rock, Plant, Animal or Man that has been evolved without God, outside of God, and to him henceforth the Universe is a blank. God, to him, is not, as to the Semi-theist, a useful hypothesis to account for the existence of things, or a useful bugbear to prevent lawless folk from going too far, or a Constitutional King-on-paper whose chief business it is not to interfere, but to let the General Laws take care of things in general. No! God to him is the Eternal Spirit of Life, in whom all things live and move and have their being. The Religious Evolutionist adores the Present God. He sees God everywhere, in everything, around everything. He swims with the fish, He flies with the bird, He runs with the deer. In Him fish swims, bird flies, and deer runs. His force is in the straw that the wind blows past me ; in the leaf I trample into dust. He is in the hills and the cattle upon them ; in the valleys and the brook that murmurs through them. His way is in the sea, His path in the mighty waters. The clouds of Heaven float in His present Godhead, the continents sleep beneath His present smile. The vast Earth floats silently in the Ocean-depths of His being, the Sun in the Firmament shines glorious by His Present Might. The stars in infinite Space are surrounded and interpenetrated by Him. He is the Tendency by which all things are gently urged to fulfil the Law of their being. He is the Power without and within Man, that makes for Righteousness. He is the Light by which Spirits see ; the Warmth which makes hearts glow : he is the Life in which they live. He is All in All.

Well, then, may the Religious Evolutionist smile when you tell him that he has put God further away. Is this indeed so? Look at our conception of God in Creation. It is certainly vaster, more sublime: is it therefore less intimate? Let us see. The old conception was, that God made the stars, as a mechanic makes an engine, from the outside. The grandest thought then possible was that the Almighty Maker,

"From his ample palm
Launched forth the rolling planets into space!"

The conception now is, that the Divine Force, acting around and within the stars, eternally creates and every instant renews their shining; that the burning suns and rolling planets within His very being roll and burn. The Old Conception placed the Eternal on a radiant throne situated in one isolated point in space, while round that throne the obedient heavens wheeled. The New Conception places Him everywhere, in everything, the Primal Source of all motion as of all life. The New Conception makes Infinite Space alive with God.

Passing to the Earth and life upon it, the Old Conception viewed God as creating a single individual, plant or tree, and then letting its infinite number of descendants propagate themselves by so-called "General Laws." God made one oak, and the million million other oaks came by "General Laws." The New Conception bids us view each individual oak on the planet, aye, every branch, twig, fibre, cell, as the instant product of the present Creative Force of God. His Force renews, and His daily renews the oak-life from instant to instant. His Present Force descends from the Sun, and passes along the vast Ethereal Ocean that separates the Orb of Day from Earth, making its billion billion waves the messengers of His Power. Charged with Light, Heat, Electricity, they strike the oak leaf; their force sinks into it. The grand chemical changes, as we call them, which are only so many wave vibrations answering to the great solar wave, are thus incessantly renewed, and thus the oak-tree lives. Did you ever think of the infinitely delicate way in which the

oak-tree sucks the moisture from the ground through a million rootlets, how the sap ascends through a million tiny channels into the very heart of the tree, and how thus, in the spring time, every twig and leaf in the monarch of the forest tingles with Life? But the delicacy of this almost infinite subdivision of watery juices is coarse, compared with the intimacy of the Life-Force which causes this juice to flow, these buds to burst, which surrounds and interpenetrates the ultimate atoms themselves: atoms so infinitely small that uncounted trillions must exist in one single cell of the tree.

Well, has our larger thought made the connection of the Divine Creative Force with the life of the oak less intimate? You know it is not so. Why, your thought and mine alike confess that language fails to express that infinite nearness, that intimate intimacy.

Mounting up to conscious life, let us take for example Man's body,—Creation's crown and sum. Just so far as a man is grander than a tree, just so more intimate and subtle is the connection between his body and the force of God.

The Old Conception was that God created two persons, a man and a woman, and that the uncounted millions of their descendants were born by "General Laws;" so that I had to date back my own connection with the Creator, as far as my life was concerned, through a thousand removes. But the Thought of To-day teaches me that God directly created my body from its tiniest germ, and creates it afresh every day, every hour and minute. Every breath I draw derives its life-power immediately from his Present Force. Every pulse in my veins is derived directly from the Throb of his Power that is felt at each moment in every part of the Universe. My flesh, my blood, my very bones, at each instant confess their present need of renewal by his Bounty. The Large Life encircles me round about. Because He lives, I live also.

So much for a general statement of the way in which the Religious Evolutionist looks at things. We have, as yet, made no attempt at an argument: we have simply described a stand-point. For those, who do not feel capable of entering into a detailed analysis, it is enough to know that such

attitude is impregnable to all scientific assaults. It gives ample scope for all the phenomena of the Universe: it is in strict accordance with all the phenomena. It becomes, of course, a much more delicate and difficult task to attempt to prove that it is the true explanation of all the phenomena. Suffer me, nevertheless, in all diffidence, to attempt to point out the direction in which such proof will be eventually found to lie.

I. Starting with the Material Universe, the problem there is to prove, that all the Material Laws are founded on the incessant action of the Spirit of Life. Now, confessedly, in Matter God is the Concealed God. He recedes as you strive to search Him out. Nevertheless He recedes not into distance, but deeper and deeper into the heart and core of things: recedes as the atmosphere does, when you strive to grasp it. Though your fingers are empty, clutch as you may, the air is yet around your hand. Its subtle nature has escaped the coarse, material grasp.

In such an investigation, then, we must be prepared for two things.

First, for the inevitable difficulty of grasping such a subject at all; and secondly, for the fact, that if we actually succeed we shall by no means have gained what we long for, namely, an adequate conception of God; but only have reached just so much of the Spirit of Life as is sufficient to account for the phenomena on hand. The Astronomer mere does not need the God of the Soul, the Inspirer of Man's thirst after Righteousness; he only needs so much of the Divine Force as is adequate to account for the starry motions. The Chemist mere does not need the God of Infinite Love and Pity, the Lifter up of the bowed down; he simply needs so much of the Eternal Life-Force as will account for the affinities and repulsions of his molecules and atoms.

With these cautions, we now proceed to ask, Where does Astronomy feel incapable of interpreting its own phenomena without the Force of the Spirit of Life? Gravitation, scientifically speaking, is the Mystery of Mysteries. 'Tis a maxim in science, that it takes time for any Force to

pass from one place to another. Sound travels twelve miles a minute. Light travels eleven million miles in the same time: yet, even at this amazing speed, it takes a very long time for light to pass from star to star. But the most delicate astronomical measurements have not been able to discover that it takes the smallest fraction of a second for Gravitation to pass from Sun to Earth. Speaking scientifically, there is no "Aberration" of Gravitation. Gravitation then appears to be independent of Time. If this can be proved to be so, if not an instant is needed for the passage of that Force through the immeasurable spaces of Heaven, then the Astronomer will at last stand face to face with God, because he will stand face to face with a Force that acts in Time, but yet is not limited by Time. But even if it be proved eventually that Gravitation is not absolutely independent of Time, of necessity there must be a Force back of that, that is thus independent. For a Universe absolutely separated itself from itself in all directions by vast Gulfs of Time-intervals would be no Universe at all, but only a huge series of disconnected aggregations. The Unity of the Universe then presupposes such a Force.

But if Gravitation be indeed such a Force, consider the miracle of the Divine Condescension. In Gravitation's arms my body reposes safely. Each smallest movement summons that Force to its aid, and that Force instantaneously responds. The house I live in, the breath I draw, the food I eat, the water I drink, are all rendered secure to me by that. Gravitation besets me behind and before, and lays its hand upon me. The veriest Atheist that ever lived must perforce acknowledge that. But if once it be proved that Gravitation is the Eternal Action of the Divine Will of God acting on Matter, then the last Astronomical Atheist will be dead. Then the neuter lifeless way of putting the tremendous Fact will be seen to be false Science as well as poor Religion. It will change to "Thou." It will be, "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me!"

But the Chemist needs for his Atoms just what the Astronomer needs for his Stars. Newton expressed only the

general thought of science, when he said that there must be *Something between* any two bodies that mutually influence each other; for otherwise any such mutual action would be inconceivable. You hear my voice, because there is Air between my mouth and your ears: you see Sun or Gas-light, because between them and your eyes there is the Ether. In like manner, between molecule and molecule there must still be something, or else they could not act on each other. Matter of a finer sort can convey force to and from Matter of a grosser sort; but, as we pass through finer and finer states of Matter, we may at last arrive in thought at its final attenuation, the ultimate atom. But there must still be space between any two atoms, or else they would not be two, but one. Now, that space must be completely filled by Something, or else these atoms could not possibly act on each other. But since, by hypothesis, these atoms are the last attenuation of Matter, that Something cannot be Matter, that is, cannot be Substance Divisible. It must, therefore, be Substance Indivisible. But what is Substance Indivisible? You can cut my body into trillions of pieces; but you cannot cut *Me* into two. Why? Because you have arrived at Spirit: that is, Substance Indivisible. When, then, the Chemist ponders on the problem of the Attraction of the Ultimate Atoms, he must either give it up in despair, as unthinkable; or else rise to the conception of One Infinite Spirit, whose fulness filleth all things.

We now pass out of the realm of Inorganic Matter. It must be admitted that here the doctrine of Evolution is already as good as proved. Science may be said to have already won in her account of the Genesis of Worlds. It was the final victory of the Nebular Theory, when Huggins turned his spectroscope upon the Planetary Nebula in Draco, and the tell-tale lines of Hydrogen and Nitrogen gas shone out upon his eyes.

When we pass to the realm of Organized Life, we are all aware that the conflict of opposing opinions still rages; the battle is not yet quite won. For my own part, however, I have no doubt as to where victory will rest at last. At the

outset, then, I endeavor to discharge a brother's duty by stating my deliberate conviction, that Science will be able to hold against all comers her account of the advent and development of Organic Life upon the planet. I believe that she will eventually be able to prove that Life has been developed out of Life from the lowest round of being to the highest; that not only has reptile sprung from fish: bird and mammal from reptile: but that man's body has also been developed as the head of the same grand series: in a word, that Organized Life displays one unbroken series of Birth-succession, that is, of Evolution, from end to end. If you quote honored scientific names that still do not think thus, I ask, Is it not just because at this point, they refuse to think any further? The negative force of the hypothesis has the same immense strength as the Nebular Theory of Astronomy. There is literally nothing deserving the name of Science to put in its place. I think, moreover, that eventually Science will win in her account of the Genesis in Time, the Birth upon the planet, of the Faculties, Qualities, Virtues of Man. Thus, and not otherwise, the material garments which the Soul wears in this Island of Time were woven in the loom of Nature.

Now if any of us should say here, "We are not scientific men, we have not studied these subjects enough to form an opinion upon them," I will simply say to such: For us, as men of the Spirit, the main point to remember is, that the decision of such questions does not rest with us at all. Surely, a very little reflection should suffice to teach us, that the physical antecedents of these bodies of ours belong to the department of Physiology, not of Religion. It is our business, then, to remand all such questions to the keeping of Science. Hers are the facts: hers must also be the methodizing of the facts, and the drawing of conclusions from the facts. All we have got to do is to possess our souls in patience, and to witness manfully for our Truth, which eventually will be found in accordance with all other Truth. But this at least we all ought to learn at once; namely, no longer to shudder at the *wrong thing*. Shudder at the idea of the bes-

tiality, the greed, the gluttony, the sensuality of the lower animals, if you please, and, if you shudder at them in man too, you cannot shudder too much; but do not shudder at the beautiful mysteries of organization, which make the thoughtful man of science wonder and adore. Do not shudder at the small remnant of a pointed ear in man, which seems to hint its far-off origin in the strata below our feet; shudder rather at the ears which itch for filthiness and foolish talking. Do not shudder at the perforation of the humerus, which still crops out in one out of a hundred men: which once could be seen in one out of four: which was universal in the *Quadrumana*: shudder rather at the terrible perforations that still pierce the hearts of ninety-nine out of a hundred men.

If, after all, Evolution prove to be true: that is, if it prove to be, after all, God's Plan of building His worlds: will it not be a little humiliating to some of us to remember that we once protested against it as unworthy and degrading, and, like Alphonso of Castile, put ourselves into the position of offering the Creator advice?

I think, however, that many of us are beginning to feel that it is no longer wise or right for the spiritual man to remain ignorant either of the results or methods of Science; especially now that Science is approaching more and more nearly the House of Life. It is impossible to do our full duty to the Rising Generation, without a personal knowledge of these great problems, which God himself has set to this Generation, and which it is Man's duty to try to solve, not to shirk. We cannot prevent bright young minds from reading Huxley, Spencer, and Darwin, and surely we would not, if we could. Yet, whoso reads, rises from the book inside the New Age, with all its doubts and difficulties; and those difficulties we surely ought to be able to help them to meet.

We, I think, shall live to see the Doctrine of Evolution victorious all along the line; and, if this be so, our business as preachers will be to fill that Idea full of God. We must show that the Evolution of Life does not mean blind Matter doing the work of Living Force; but means God creating his Worlds through the Consenting Wills of all his Crea-

tures: inspiring the bird with love of Beauty and of Song, and so gently impelling the whole Race of birds to progress: inspiring the Quadrumana with social affections: with care for the weak, the young, the aged of their number, and so laying deep the foundations of Human Society, and organizing nerves which one day shall throb to Human Virtues.

Man, in his blindness and conceit, has supposed that he alone was capable of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of Progress, of Inspiration. But one day it will be seen that all the Ascents of Life were taken with Pain, and that man has a host of lowly benefactors, whose very names he has held in derision.

One word here before proceeding further. No one, I suppose, really doubts that we are now living strictly under the Law of Evolution. The stand-point of the Non-Evolutionist is that one given Fern, Oak, or Elm: or two Elephants, Bears, or Human beings, were created by Special Interference; he admits that all the remaining trillions of each Species have come by Evolution. The Evolutionist differs from him simply by adding to the sum total of trillions the one Oak, or the two Bears left out of the series. In fact he is attempting to do for Physiology what Lyell did for Geology, when he claimed that the changes now going on in the Earth's crust were enough to account for the whole series of Geologic changes. Since, then, all alike admit that Evolution is the universal Law of Life To-day, it certainly seems wise for us all to study its workings a little!

It is, of course, impossible on such an occasion as this, to dwell upon more than one or two features of this great subject. I ask your attention to one.

See what Unity, what deep and world-wide meaning this thought gives to the vast succession of the Geologic Ages.

The old Geology gave us a huge aggregate of unconnected Epochs. Creation and Destruction followed each other in endless repetition, and apparently to little purpose. Each new Creation, being supposed entirely independent of all its successors, as well as all its predecessors, might just as well have occurred at one place as another of the series.

But now we are beginning to see that in Geology, the Law

of the Spirit of Life is, that Life is created by Life; that the larger Life of each To-morrow was created through the expansion of the lesser Life of each To-day; that therefore each epoch in Geology was as necessary to its successor as a parent is to a child; that each Epoch contained in itself a complete Epitome of all the gains the past Epochs had made; and transmitted by direct birth-succession to its successor the vast heritage of the Past and the vast Promise of the Future. In this view

"The Dragons of the Prime
That tare each other in their slime,"

beat out to our ears "a mellower music" than they did to our fathers. Through those fierce combats strength, swift-ness, courage, the sharp eye, the ready limb, the mighty lungs, were generated, and transmitted down along the ages:

"Not a worm cloven in vain."

Now if this be true, the Geologic records of the Past contain the history of all the organs we use to-day. It took millions of years to make the eyes we see by: the ears that hear: the hands that grasp: the feet that walk: the tongue that speaks: the brain that thinks. Aye, and every step of progress toward this was taken by and through a Living Organization. To each step the Consenting Will of some Living Creature was necessary, as well as the ever-fresh influence of the Spirit of Life.

But now let us look a little 'more closely at the mode of this transmission. If Life is forever evolved out of Life, Progress upward must be secured by the fact that "what is organically acquired is organically transmitted."

In yonder microscopic human germ are concealed the title-deeds to the whole inheritance of the Past. Well, you must either dismiss this as unthinkable, or concede that the divisibility of matter is so well nigh infinite, that in that tiny germ the ultimate atoms, and particles compounded of those atoms, are so arranged as to register the memories and experiences of millions of years. If this transmission were

only seen in man, you might remand it to the realm of Spiritual mystery. But it is universal, and only more mysterious in man, because the amount of Being transmitted is vaster. Take a Fern, say the common Brake. A tiny Spore falls to the ground, takes root, and grows. In due time, an exact picture of the parent fern is produced. That is, the atoms in the seemingly formless Spore were so arranged, that, of necessity, when the frond first appeared it was coiled up; when it expanded, it divided into three divisions; that, at maturity, the edges of its pinnules would double back, and that spores would be formed in the shelter thus afforded. Each shade of color; the whole contour; the whole arrangement of frond, pinnules, veins, cells, was prophesied in the germ.

Now it is upon this great Truth that the grand discovery of the first half of the nineteenth century is founded. I mean *the Persistence of Species*. Let us never ignore or undervalue this immense generalization; nor ever be ungrateful to the great minds that secured it for us. Look at its achievements. It has mapped out the strata for us over the face of the whole Earth. Systematic Geology depends upon Palæontology; and Palæontology rests upon the Persistence of Species. If I pick up *Isotelus Gigas* anywhere in the world, I know I am in the lower Silurian series. When Professor Hartt picked up *Spirifer Mucronatus* in the yet unknown strata of South America, he knew he was in Devonian.

But a yet more careful examination of the Strata points at a yet deeper and more all-pervading Law. *Spirifer Mucronatus* is but one of an immense number of *Spirifers*, very properly marked out as distinct Species. But take two, say *Spirifer Medialis*, and *Spirifer Macronotus*. Hall has in his collection hundreds of these. The distinction is perfectly marked in the typical specimens of each; but you can lay on the table a series of linking forms in such a way that the two species melt into each other. Prof. Hall knows more about such things than any other living man, and he is convinced that this process can be continued indefinitely.

I myself asked one of the best authorities in the world if

he did not think it probable that all the *Spirifers* might eventually be traced back to *Spirifer Lynx* of the Trenton; and he answered, "Yes," and added that his own studies in the Palæozoic rocks compelled him to believe in the transmutability of species.

But how can one and the same Law produce both Persistence and Change? Let us see. Take our Fern again. It contains all the qualities of the Parent Fern. If, through an immense Past, there was absolutely no tendency to vary from the type, then no such tendency is transmitted; if there was a slight tendency, a slight tendency is transmitted; if a large or increasing tendency, then a large or increasing tendency is transmitted. If you say this is imagination, then go and dig up a brake, and put it into the hands of a scientific gardener. He will put it into new conditions; sow its spores, and watch those that tend to vary; and in ten years will send you a pot containing a fern you would not even recognize. Human skill in ten years can do as much as unaided nature in a million.

Cuvier said, forty or fifty years ago, that he would listen to the Development hypothesis, when its defenders could show him the linking forms between the Palæotherium and the Horse. His devoted pupil and worthy successor, Owen, writes, forty years after, that it must be acknowledged that now Cuvier's demand is completely met, by the linked succession of Palæotherium, Paloplotherium, Anchi-therium Hipparion and Equus. The three functional toes of Palæotherium gradually grow smaller all along the series, till in Hipparion they are lifted high above the central toe; while in Equus they are simply rudimental. This one salient instance is itself a sufficient answer to those who keep asserting that no linking forms exist between our domestic animals and those of Tertiary times.

One Law, then, of the Spirit of Life produces both the Persistence and the Mutability of Species; and in a complete view of Nature these two stand together. The Human Embryo remembers most distinctly that large part of the Past which is immediately behind it, and which differences it from

that which is more remote. Yet it does not wholly forget the day when fishes breathed by gills. Aye, it even remembers how mollusks and protozoa lived. Yet, of course, the last experience so transcends the former ones, that it is absurd to deny that, in one point of view, the difference is immensely greater than the similarity: that it is absurd to exaggerate the similarity at the expense of the difference. Young Evolutionists are apt to run into such extravagances: and, through their forgetfulness of the mighty part which the Persistence of Species has played, and still plays, they often make a mere mush and jumble of Evolution. Even such writers as Huxley, in his "Protoplasm," are, perhaps, not quite clear of one-sidedness in this respect. Certainly Huxley only stated half the truth when he reduced all Life to a common basis of Protoplasm. 'Tis true, with a difference! The Ape's protoplasm is the same as the mollusk's, plus the vast sum of vertebrate memories; of millions of years of fish, reptile, and mammal life. My protoplasm is the same as the Ape's, plus at least one hundred thousand years of Human Memories. My protoplasm has all the Human Ages photographed upon it. My protoplasm remembers the terrible struggle for life of the primeval man: remembers the weird gloom of the primeval Forest, and the strange aspect of a Nature as yet unknown: remembers the fierce animalism, so essential to existence then, but which is Original Sin in us Now: remembers the wild joy of battle, the lust of conquest, the gloom of dejection, defeat, and failure. Aye! and my protoplasm remembers the human skies of a hundred thousand summers: the human awe of the vast Heavens above: remembers the Human Aspiration toward the Spirit of Life, which has been Man's Guiding Angel for a hundred thousand years. In a word, my protoplasm is a complete register of all that has happened to my ancestors, human and animal, for ten million years: yet, surely, the last hundred thousand or so are of more special importance to me, as a man, than all the other millions. My kitten walks on the top of the tall thin fence in my yard fearlessly, and without fall; because she has a million generations of cats behind her, who all had to

conform their motions to the Law of Gravitation. My baby knew how to suck and swallow when he came into the world, for the whole life of the Mammalia was behind him. But my baby will soon, please God, show that he has the Human Civilization of ten thousand years behind him: that the thought of Greece, that the civilization of Rome is in his brain: that the Religious aspiration of Central Asia, Egypt, Judæa, and of his own grand and glorious Christendom, have all aided to mould the organism which he is to use for the expression of his soul's adoration.

Thus, then, the long ascent of Life culminates in Man, and thus, at last, the Full Purport of the Law of the Spirit of Life stands revealed. Think of it, doubting friend. To-day there are some five hundred millions of men's heads: none without some capacity for thought: some that seem, as in a vast Dome, to comprehend an Image of the All. To-day there are some five hundred millions of women's hearts: none without some capacity of loving: some that seem to hold in one small breast a whole Heaven of love and tenderness. They came out of the Invisible into the Visible, did they not? Well, in that Invisible, out of which this vast Stream of Thought and Love hath flowed, must there not be an Infinite Divine Reservoir of Thought and Love? Yes, in Matter God may be the concealed God. In Mind, He is the Revealed God. Just so much Life as there is, just so far is the Master of Life revealed!

Ineffably fine is the action of the Spirit of Life,—only a still Presence among the atoms, yet the Worlds are made, and the Morning Stars sing together; only a gentle, imperceptible impulse given to Organic Life, yet in obedience to that impulse Life mounts the mighty Ladder of Being, and Man is reached at last; only a still, small voice in man, gently urging him toward the Better, yet moved by that silent Persuasion Man climbs slowly up the Hills of God, till the Heavenly City opens its gates to him at last.

We have now passed out of the consideration of the lower phenomena to that of the higher. Not only has man's body come by Evolution: all things human have been developed

and transmitted by the same Law of the Spirit of Life. You can study the workings of the Law in all things man has done or achieved : in Law, Government, Art, Science, Literature ; or finally, in Man's highest Achievement, — in Religion. All things Human then are a Growth. You yourself know beforehand that this will prove to be so, while you are opening any book on the History of any people, or of any art or science. You have no idea that the art of painting sprang at once full armed from the head of some Raphael or Michael Angelo. You know beforehand that you will have to begin with the scrawl of some savage on a smooth rock, or his scratch on the tusk of a mastodon. Ship-building did not begin with a Cunard Steamship : it began with the hollow trunk of a tree, on which some hunted savage dared to trust himself to the waters.

Just so, any one who attempts to trace out to its first origin his own Religious pedigree, cannot fail to discover that Religion is a Growth. The merest outline of such an attempt is sufficient to show this. Our dear good Protestant fathers traced back an unbroken Religious Consciousness only as far as Luther and the Reformation. A millennium and a half of the Catholic Church was to them a blank. But, if there had really been such a Time-vacuum, the Thought of Jesus would never have come down to them at all. Religion is a Living Force, and requires Life, continuous Life, to pass it on. There is a deep truth in Apostolical Succession. Break a single link in the sacred chain of Life-communication, and the Divine Electricity cannot pass. You must trace your Christianity through an unbroken chain of living souls, straight to the heart of Jesus himself, before you can account for your own Christian experiences. But Christianity itself claims to be the direct offspring of Judaism. And Judaism, too, has a history. Not only do we find that it, as well as Christianity, was profoundly modified by Greek thought and Roman polity : not only did it receive a vast accession of ideas from Persia and the religion of Zoroaster ; but at the very outset of its religious history, two thousand years before Christ, we find that when Israel was but a nomad tribe in-

capable of national life, it was put under the training of the most cultivated, highly civilized and most religious nation then existing on the earth. If, then, we wish to trace out our Religious Consciousness yet further we must accept the aid of the noble army of scholars who are translating for us the sacred books of Egypt, India, Persia and China. They are revealing to all the world that all through the centuries, back into the dim and far-off Past, the Ever-present Spirit was at work gently leading the souls of his Asiatic and African children toward Himself. Faith in the Unseen, and the grand Hereafter, is found carved in stone on Egyptian monuments, or buried as the most sacred treasure in the coffins of their dead. 'Tis enough to move mankind to tears, to spell out the heart's unutterable longing for immortality in hieroglyphics whose secret perished two thousand years ago, but which loving labor has deciphered again. It enlarges the range of our religious consciousness to find that the History of the Faith, that casts a glory over the graves of our beloved ones, dates back, at least, to the valley of the Nile five thousand years ago.

But we must go further yet. The student of Language shows us that we must journey back into times long before the first dawn of History, if we would find the origin of the sacred Words that are in our mouths to-day: shows us that we can still listen to the stammering lips of the utterly forgotten fathers of the Race, — and if our ears are keen enough can yet hear the words in which they spoke out their worship. The Open Secret was whispered even into the Wild Man's ear. Awe and Reverence date so far back, that they are lost in the Night of Ages.

If, then, any one wishes to write the Religious History of the Race, he must begin at least as far back as the history of the Primeval Man: and show how the Law of the Spirit of Life, acting on the Human Heart, has produced all the phenomena of Religious history from that day to this. And to this great task he must bring two great qualifications. First, he must have a profound sense of the deep Unity, which underlies all differences in Religion; be they caused

by Time, Race, Climate, Condition, Church or Sect. That is, he must devoutly believe that the phenomena of Religion obey the Law of Evolution. Secondly, he must have sense enough not to ignore the vast importance of Species in Religion; nor to make the egregious mistake of supposing that all Species are equally important or unimportant, as the case may be. Otherwise he will certainly, as I said before, make a mere mush and jumble of Religious Evolution.

It is easy to see, that never before our own day could such a Religious History have been written: not only because there was not knowledge enough in the world for the colossal task; but also because, before our own day, the first qualification of such a historian never could have been attained. Never before have men been adequately conscious of this "All-pervading Unity" in Religion. Such a conception as is embodied in the grand phrase, "The Sympathy of Religions," was entirely foreign to the consciousness of our fathers. This great Thought, old as Eternity, is in one sense new to the world. It is emphatically God's gift to the nineteenth century. As the Greeks considered all mankind barbarians except themselves, so our ancestors divided the world into Christians and Pagans. Till within the last forty years Mahomet was held to be the greatest and most lying Impostor known to History. It is but yesterday that anything has been known of the religion of India and China. Let us, then, reverently thank God for the light of this glorious truth, which our eyes are the first to see clearly. Let us rise to the level of the grand Prophecy of the Hour. Truly a large and liberal Gospel is fitting for the lips of those whose eyes behold the Eternal Spirit descending into the souls of all his Children. We, of all men, should be the last to constitute ourselves examining Chaplains to the Holy Ghost, or dare to reject, in self-appointed Council, a candidate whom God has already ordained.

But since the grand Conception of the Sympathy of Religions is new, it has not yet got itself adjusted in our scheme of Thought. It has not yet got itself into the heads of millions, who spasmodically fight against it, believing it to be of

the Devil: and, on the other hand, many of its most earnest advocates seem at present to have become so intoxicated by it, as to be in danger of losing their balance altogether. In other words, they are liable altogether to lose sight of the second condition: which I have ventured to style the perception of the importance of Species in Religion.

It is not a mere accident, surely, which makes Radical Religionists tend toward Evolution, and Conservatives cling to the idea of the absolute separation of Species.

We must, then, defend the glorious thought of the "Sympathy of Religions" against two opposite classes; 1st, against its foolish *Enemies*, and, 2d, against its foolish *Friends*.

Its foolish *Enemies* are those who stubbornly refuse to see or acknowledge any Religious Inspiration whatever, except what is found within the covers of the Bible.

I. We are to say to its foolish *Enemies*, We refuse to read, as you would bid us, the lives of holy men of other names, for the poor purpose of belittling their Inspiration. We will not read Confucius, in order *not* to find the golden rule. We will not study Buddha's life, for the purpose of *not* seeing glorious self-sacrifice in it. We will not pick all the holes we can in the garments of Socrates, Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, in order to show how much better our own clothes are. Nay! we will study them, and teach others to study them, in order to find out the good word which God spake by them: to thank Him that, in elder days, and in other climes than ours, His Spirit was not far from men: but that, in every age, "he that feared Him and worked Righteousness, was accepted of Him." Good people timorously ask: "Is it really true that Confucius gave the Golden Rule?" as if, if you answered "Yes," it would go far to shake the very foundation of their belief in all Revelation. Imagine an astronomer becoming alarmed for the very foundations of Astronomy, because a Chinese observer had made a true observation of the stars twenty-five hundred years ago! Now, it so happens that, not far from Confucius' time, a sharp Chinese eye was watching the Heavens on a given night, and noticed that the planet Mercury was close

to the star now called β Scorpii. Now, when the observation was discovered in the Chinese annals, were astronomers frightened? Nay! they were overjoyed. Forthwith they calculated backward the place of Mercury for more than two thousand years — say eight or ten thousand revolutions — and found that on that very night Mercury was within a degree of that very star! proving, by this one observation, that the orbit of Mercury had not materially changed in more than two thousand years.

So let us rejoice when any clear eye sees any atom of God's Truth. One more witness added to the sacred band. One more testimony that God is not far from every one of us!

"Or look at it in another light;" we might say to such: "There are, we are told, some four hundred million Chinese now living in China; that gives us one thousand two hundred million in a century; gives, we will say, twenty-five billions of Human Souls since Confucius' time. Now, if it could be proved to you, that to no single soul of these twenty-five billions had God ever revealed Himself; that He had suffered that mighty multitude to live on in Darkness and the shadow of Death without one effort to send them Light; that he had allowed them to sin and suffer, to hate and injure each other, without one attempt to teach them the divine Law of Life, would it not go far towards making you a believer in blank Atheism? 'What sort of a God is this,' you might justly say, 'who allows His own children to wander generation after generation through the wilderness of Life, without once troubling Himself to teach, guide, and enlighten? If He has so utterly neglected this immense mass of Human Beings — beings just as capable, by their power of thought, of understanding His Revelation as I am myself — how can I believe that He can care for me, or reveal Himself to me?' So far, then, from its shaking your belief in Divine Inspiration, it should strengthen it greatly, to find that God taught to Confucius, and to billions of Chinese through him, that Love to the Neighbor was the Golden Rule of Life."

When once we have really grasped the mighty thought, that it is God who created the Heavens and the earth, that it is God who is the Father of all Human Souls, past, present, and to be, and that all Human Souls are, therefore, equally dear to Him, because equally his offspring, it then becomes simply impossible to believe that uncounted millions of Human Beings were ever so utterly abandoned by His Spirit, that "their whole religion was falsehood, their whole worship a farce, their whole life a mockery."

"An honest study of the religions of the world will teach us that it was not so; will teach us that there is no religion which does not contain some truth. Nay, it will teach us more; it will enable us to see in the history of the ancient religions more clearly than anywhere else, the Divine Education of the Race," the true God in History!

"If, then, we are forbidden to read in the history of the whole human race the daily lessons of a Divine Teacher and Guide; if there is no purpose, no increasing purpose in the succession of the Religions of the World, then we might as well shut up the godless book of History altogether, and look upon man as no better than the grass which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."*

Surely it were a strange cause for dejection and discouragement to find that God was so much more adorable than we had thought! that His Spirit was so much nearer to the soul of man; that His efforts to help, teach, guide, and console mankind were so incessant, so universal, so many-sided, instead of having been so intermittent, so partial, so narrow, so fenced within arbitrary and technical limits! Fancy being distressed just because God has blessed so many men in such various ways; just because his Spirit has shown itself so utterly regardless of names and places and arbitrary methods, and has forever gone to work to get at the hearts of men by any and every gate left open for Him to enter!

"We have in our hands Scriptures," says Emerson, "of such worth and significance, that a man might well travel

* Max Müller, Science of Religion.

over land and sea to make them known. But fast as he journeys, he will see that the Spirit travels faster than he ; is there already before him ! " 'Tis of little use his going to foreign climes, unless he expects to find there the self-same truths he carries with him.

II. To its *foolish friends*, on the other hand, we must say, "The belief in the Sympathy of Religions does not consist in having sympathetic relations with, and loving appreciation for, every Religion under Heaven, — except Christianity. It does not mean a large and generous appreciation of Mahomet and his work, and a small and ungenerous estimate of Jesus and his work. It does not mean sympathy for the Buddhist, harsh judgment for the Christian : loving study of the Confucian Analects, contemptuous neglect of the Bible : joyful recognition of Zoroaster or Pythagoras, quiet ignoring of Moses or Elijah : an artist's eye for the grand portraits of Plato or Socrates, and the eye of a sign-painter, or the slate-pencil of a school-boy's caricature, for Paul or John.

Certainly, it would seem to be a curious way of inaugurating the Sympathy of Religions, to begin by decrying, belittling, and declaring corrupt beyond the possibility of Reformation, the only Religion you are familiarly acquainted with. You are a member of a large and widely-scattered Family. You feel that they are too isolated from each other : that they ought to be better acquainted : you write them a generous circular, inviting them all to a real hearty Family Reunion, and, to show that you are thoroughly in earnest about inaugurating the new Era of Peace and Good-will, you begin the good work by turning your own father, mother, brothers and sisters out of doors ! Is not this a little like sending out all our Religious Sympathy to Borrioboolah Gha ! and so having none left for home use ?

The Sympathy of Religions, again, does not mean the instant pulling down of your own house, and forthwith inhabiting that of your neighbor. You would catch cold in a Chinese Pagoda ; the dance of the Dervishes would certainly make you sick ; and the incense floating in an Indian Temple would send you to sleep. The Parthenon is noble, the Sara-

cen arch and minaret have a slender grace all their own. But the Christian Cathedral was also built by men, and has a grandeur that is its own and not another's.

It is not, again, the proposing to all men in general to pull down instantly every Religious House in existence, and to inaugurate a Universal Camping-Out, until such time as a new House shall be built, capable of containing all men under one Roof. Millions of feeble constitutions would die under the process; and, even if the work should ever be completed, it would then but feebly imitate that Temple of God already builded: whose Floor is the Earth, whose Roof the Sky, and whose Light the Stars; and wherein it is our business to see to it that the thousand shrines of men's worship shall stand in friendly fashion, side by side.

The Sympathy of Religions, then, truly means a large-hearted, most magnetic sympathy with all Religious truth everywhere: a delight in knowing that God loves the souls of His Chinese, as well as those of His Americans: a joyous consciousness that His Presence is gently approaching the hearts of all men, is on the watch to uplift all souls on the wide earth.

Standing firmly in our own place, encamped with those Religious Influences in the midst of which God has set us, and valuing them deeply, as we ought, we are, nevertheless, to be just as steadfastly prepared to rejoice that His Word has come to Chunder-Sen, or Kung-fu-tse, as to Henry Ward Beecher, or to Dr. Channing. Above all, we are not to patronize the Spirit-born of any land. Let us make an interchange of spiritual wealth with those of other names. We can give them much; they can also give something to us. Ours is, confessedly, the Central Stream; but it is Heavenly Water that has flowed through their Channels also. We must not ask them to give up all of God and Truth they know, before we will consent to give them anything we know. We must not ask them to think scorn of their own sacred names before we recount to them the list of ours. We have our stand-point, we must allow them to have theirs. Their sacred

books are exotic to us ; for the self-same reason, though the lesson is a hard one for us to learn, ours are exotic to them.

If, then, a Chinese were to say to me, "I give up Confucius and Mencius, — they were all very well for my benighted ancestors, but I have outgrown all that, and am free to accept whatsoever conclusions you Europeans have arrived at," I should say to him, "Friend, where did you get your Religious Constitution? How comes it, that you were born susceptible to these fine influences? You did not produce yourself, did you? Why! you are steeped in Confucius and Mencius! You are the product of two thousand years and more of Confucianism. You stand, morally and religiously, just where you do stand, because, age after age, the men of your race, guided by these heroic souls, aspired after Benevolence and Righteousness. Shame on you, for your ingratitude to those whose labor, and sorrow, and struggle, and aspiration made you what you are. You ask me for the great thoughts God has sent to our Race. You are in no fit state to receive them. Like your own Mencius, our Heaven-sent Teachers have had but two topics, 'Benevolence and Righteousness.' If you are deaf to the inspired words of the prophets of your own race, why should you be aided by those of ours? I will not show you my gallery of the sacred Portraits of the Saints God has sent to us — least of all the grand Picture which hangs in the centre of my Hall of Faith — until you have repented of your disgraceful indifference to those whom God sent to you."

In these somewhat ungrateful days it is peculiarly needful steadfastly to keep in remembrance our spiritual ancestry, and to recognize, with all gratitude, the thousand gifts we have inherited from them. One of the many signs that Scientific is far in advance of Religious Thought, is, that Science is already conscious that the Past is absolutely essential to the Present ; while in Religion, many of the brightest minds we have seem busied in doing all they can to sever the all-too-few links of consciousness which still bind us to the Religious Past. It were devoutly to be wished that we

could put a little more scientific precision into our Religious Thinking. In that case it would not take us long to discover that our finest Intuitions and loftiest Aspirations have a History, and that many a hard fight had to be fought, and many a noble victory won, before it was possible that they could even enter our brains.

What, then, is the method of Science? Fully assured that all the causes which produced the Present lay hidden in the Past, she follows the trail backward, and at last constructs a series of linking forms, which binds all existing organizations to those which existed ages on ages ago.

How, then, would Science deal with any fine gift, if the question of its origin was the subject of her investigations?

Take, as an example, one of the very finest gifts of organization: a delicately sensitive Musical Sense. Physiologists tell us that the so-called fibres of Corti, in the inner Ear, consist of innumerable little tuning-forks, each vibrating to one delicate shade of sound, and to no other. In the Musician's ear, some three thousand tuning-forks are all ready, tremulously to answer every conceivable modulation; while, in the savage, immense numbers are only rudimental, and many seem altogether to be wanting. Now, suppose some musical artist to be bragging about the infinite delicacy of his ear, saying that the ancients were nobodies, and that music began with him, what would Science say to him? "Friend, how did you get that ear of yours?" "From my mother." "And she?" "From hers." "And the grandmother?" "I know not. But she also had an ancestor faithful to the gift of song; and that one, another; and that other, a third, and so on, till we are lost in primeval antiquity." It would serve such conceited artist right, could Science prove to him distinctly that he was directly descended from some gallinaceous bird of olden time, who strutted about to show his grand feathers, and lifted up his voice, to exhibit the strength and purity of its tone to the admiring ladies of his race.

As an antidote, then, to the overweening Religious conceit, which is the bane of the advanced thought of the pres-

ent day, I invite you to study scientifically the pedigree of your Religious Emotions.

I am sure that the Science of the Future will be able to prove that every delicate harp-string in your nerves and brain that vibrates to the sublimest emotions, to the sense of duty, to the idea of God, to the blessed hope of Immortality, and by means of which alone you convey magnetically these thoughts to others,—that is, bring them into the sphere of Time and Sense,—has been slowly fabricated for you by loving hands in the forges of the Past. What searching for the precious silver in the bowels of the earth: what heat of fiery trial: what strong wind of Faith: what water of bitter tears it took before these sweet-sounding strings were possible. Shame on you, if in base ingratitude you forget your benefactors of a thousand generations; if you say, "But our Christian ancestors were so superstitious, so childish, so astray in so many things, and then look at me, with my clear light. Is my Faith really the lineal descendent of theirs?"

I answer, "No, my friend; your *Faith* is the result of direct Contact with God and eternal things; but the conditions of constitution, which, in the beginning, made such Contact possible to you, steeped in Time as you are, were gained for you mainly by your Christian and Jewish ancestors. You may quote Plotinus and Mencius upon me, to show they, too, had the like. But I ask again: When you came upon your thought in Plotinus or Mencius, did you not bring your thought to the book? Did you not meet it there with a glad surprise? What I want to know is, where you *first* got it? At your mother's knee, in the Church, or Sunday-school, in the books written by the wisest heads and noblest hearts in Christendom, or floating about in the spiritual atmosphere eighteen Christian centuries have generated around your head." I rejoice to think of the clear light by which at last we see; of the splendid brain- and heart- and nerve-instruments we now possess; but this royal inheritance did not come down to us by chance. It was heaped up for us by the loving labor of millions of dead hands; and if ingratitude for gifts received be ever base, it is doubly base here, where

the gift is of the heart's best blood, of the spirit's noblest sacrifice. If the horse—his stately limbs pawing the ground, and his nostrils scenting the battle from afar,—were to deny indignantly that it was possible that he could be descended from that great, clumsy, three-toed Palæotherium of Tertiary times, Science would at once answer by proving the descent through five generations, and might add, "Ungrateful wretch! to ignore those very ancestors, whose efforts to run made the strength and beauty of the very limbs you are so proud of: whose heaving chests fabricated your mighty lungs!"

Let such ingratitude, then, be far from us. Let us, rather, delight to think that we are debtors for all that we have, and are, and aspire after, to all the Past. And if any of us feels keenly that his conscience is not clear in this regard, let him, for the good of his soul, make a pilgrimage to the graves where his sainted dead lie buried, and ask of the dust that sleeps below to be forgiven!

While, then, it is of high importance to a lover of the Truth to place himself in right relations with every brother soul in every land, and under every name, who knew the Right and loved it, and if need were, suffered for its sake: to us, the spiritual sons of Christian and Jewish sires, it is of special importance that we should keep in grateful memory our own lineage in the spirit. The old Hebrew prophets are our brothers. Are you a Reformer? So were they. Are you a Radical? They were the Radicals of their time. Are you a Conservative? They preserved the best thought of the elder ages, and with loving hands transmitted it to us. Are you Spirit-born? So were they. Are you inspired to utter the Laws of Heaven? So were they. Do you desire to do your uttermost to make the Right, the True and the Good triumph? So did they.

It is of high importance, again, that we recognize joyfully our spiritual ancestry in all the Christian ages. Feel a throb of sympathetic joy, as you see the lean, wild-eyed monk lift the crucifix against the lawless, lustful baron, and dare him to trample on the Lord of Heaven and Earth. Let St.

Benedict and St. Francis, Bernard and Hildebrand, Luther and Savonarola, be more than names to you; feel that they are our brothers in the Spirit. Finally, in this category of loyalty to brother-souls, the central word to us of Christian lineage is that worthy name by which we are called. It seems to me that the most Radical Religionist in Christendom, who remembers the "rock from which he has been hewed," ought to take a just pride in saying, "I am a Christian, not only because I believe that the Essence of Christianity is Love to God and Love to man, but also because I believe that the great heart of Jesus loved the Cause that my heart loves with such force of loving, that it had power to inaugurate that Mighty Brotherhood of devoted minds, which in all after ages has been the true, the only Christian Church. Reverently I thank this noble brother-soul for the splendid provocation to holiness that the sight of his consecrated life has given to me. In the order of Time he comes before. I follow after. Before my eyes saw the light of day, his

‘Eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven’s numerous hierarchy span
The mystic gulf ’twixt God and Man.’

Before my heart beat, his heart had vowed to live and die for man. Before my hands could lift the cross, he had hung upon it. Before my soul could know the Father, he had rested forever in his bosom. What height of human nobleness the Infinite Father reserves in store for me and for all his earthly children, in the far ages, I know not. But I know that Jesus, at least, longed with a mighty longing to attain that height. What depths of self-surrender lie concealed in the Divine possibilities of the heart I know not; but I know that Jesus at least joyously gave himself away: flung aside fame and a career and life itself, that his brothers in time to come might be blessed and healed by the sight of his sacrifice. In him, then, I recognize, at least, a splendid hint of the life I long to live. Across the centuries I feel his brother hand stretched to grasp mine; across the waves of

Time I hear his voice saying, 'Brothers, let us together go home to God'!"

Surely the most Radical Religionist, that understands at all the grand meaning of the word "Christendom," could at least feel toward him, as Tennyson felt toward his dead friend!

"Dear Friend, far off, my lost desire,
So near, so far in woe and weal;
O then most prized when most I feel
There is a lower, and a higher.

Human, divine!
Sweet Human hands and lips and eye,
Dear Heavenly Friend that cannot die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine!

Strange Friend, past, present, and to be!
Loved deeper, darker understood!
Behold! I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with Thee."

When the Hour strikes, as strike it will from time to time every loyal heart, for the service of the Commemoration Benefactors, the name of Jesus must to us forever stand the first.

But, in conclusion, the Central Lesson we have got to learn from this sublimely slow process of Evolution is that the Amelioration of Human Society is of necessity a process of Growth. Most of us remember the time when we believed that if only some obnoxious institution were got rid of, millions of people would instantly find themselves immensely better and happier. O how we hoped the Abolition of Slavery would lift all America to see the Vision of the Lord! And so it did, for one blissful moment. But the next we found that our organisms were the same as before: the same weakness, greed, indolence were there; and only by the steadfast toil of whole Generations: only by invoking God's best Blessing on Birth and Marriage: only by steadfastly bringing his Spirit of Knowledge and Love to bear on the hearts of men, women and children by an education continued age after age could the work ever be done,

Finally, brethren, how can this Spirit of Life vindicate the glory and beauty of the Law of Growth in us? How can we ourselves become living Stories of this Living Building? The Last Word is *Consecration*. By giving up our whole selves to the free working of the Law.

Long ages ago, when God was building his America, it fell on a day that all the Beasts of the field and the Birds of the air and the Fish of the sea were gathered together before the Lord. And the Lord said, "Who will go up and build for me a Florida Barrier against the Stormy Atlantic, so that my Tropic Mexican Sea may bask in Eternal Smiles?" And all the Beasts and the Birds and the Fishes said, "We will go up." And the Beasts brought huge trees of the forest and rocks of the soil, and the Birds wove the twigs together with their beaks: and the Fish covered them with sand and slime. But it fell on a day that, just when they had finished their barrier, the Ocean rose in his might, and tossed their vast labor with huge scorn away. And it was so, that, when once again all Creatures appeared before the Lord, they kept silence from very shame. But out of that silence there arose a tiny voice: so small and weak, that only the ear of the Lord, who ever bends it down close to hear the cry of his feeblest creature, could hear it. Now the voice was the voice of the Corals, and they said, "We will go up." And the Lord said, "Go up, and prosper, for I have delivered it into your hands." And so Florida was builded. The Beasts were strong, but they gave the work of their hands alone. The Corals were small and weak, but they gave themselves!

Brothers and Sisters! to the grand, slow work of building up and transmitting a Grander and more Glorious Life, let us consecrate not only our work, but *ourselves*. Let us give to that work every limb of the body and every faculty of the mind, each throb of the heart, each aspiration of the soul. Then and then only can the Law of the Spirit of Life have free course, and be glorified in us!

PAINFUL CONTRASTS SUBDUED.

BY J. H. MORISON.

THERE is a painful contrast between the brightness of day and the thick darkness that rests upon the earth at night. But as we watch the gradation by which one moment melts into another, night slowly changing into day, and day into night, we do not feel the contrast. The light comes slowly up from the darkness, and suffuses as with a blush the cheek of morning, when "the sun comes forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber." Then it spreads out its universal illumination in the noon-tide hours, and, softening its radiance as the end of the day draws near, it lights up with rich and varied hues the sunset skies, and fades away into darkness, as the stars come out one by one, and the night showeth knowledge unto night, of worlds, otherwise unseen, reaching far out into the infinite realms of space.

There is a mournful contrast between the appearance of things in June and in November. In the fields of June the promises of spring are unfolding themselves in the first joyous flush of their fulfilment, and the whole air is redolent of life and gladness. But in November those same fields are brown and bare,—the flowers are all gone, the leaves are falling helpless to the ground, and move as we walk through them with a sound not unlike the moaning dirge of the waves as they break and die away upon the shore. The birds that gladdened us before have sought out other homes. The dry and worthless stubble alone remains in places where the luxuriant grain waved and vibrated, like an æolian-harp, to the motions of the summer's breeze. How harsh and violent the contrast! Yet, as we watch the process week by week, and hour by hour, how kindly is it all ordered, and how does every change prepare the way for that which was to come next! So that the pleasantest days perhaps of all the year are those whose mellowing skies are preparing the fruits to fall without constraint, the leaves to yield up without resist-

ance the life which had been given them a for season, and the corn to bow submissively at the approach of the husbandman, and give up to him its golden ears, in return for all his labors and his cares. Every step in the process is kindly ordered, if only we have prepared the ground and sown the seed. Every day is engaged in its labor of love, fulfilling the promise of the day before, or in the patience of hope carrying on the work which it is not permitted to finish, and handing it over to find its completion and fulfilment in days yet to come. So mercifully does the loving hand of God arrange for us the passing seasons of the year.

And not less mercifully does he arrange and harmonize for us the seasons and the events of life, if only we consent to approach them through the paths of religious fidelity and trust which he has ordained. Then, his truth unfolding itself more and more within us, turns the darkness that is around us into light, and reveals to us objects and events in their true and higher relations. This alone changes the aspect of almost all the evils that we dread. Sorrow and disappointment and death, which before stood clothed in funereal garments, looking with downcast eyes upon the earth, now, radiant with an immortal hope, point upward to the sky. And while the divine truth reveals them in this higher attitude, mercy also compasses us about, and leads us on by gentle approaches, with softened emotions, till we meet them as messengers of God. As such we should receive them, and allow no "cloud of passion" to "mar the hospitality" with which we welcome them or to disturb the calmness of our souls. For then we see that —

" Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

We bring the different seasons and conditions of life into sharp and painful contrast, without the softening gradations by which in the Providence of God one is transmuted into another. We see the child glowing with hopes and expecta-

tions which we know must be disappointed. We see the strong, hard man, with all his energies of mind and body, bearing down opposition, and making everything bend to his earnest and stubborn will. Then he lies helpless and dead, his magnificent enterprises perishing with him, the tomb closing over him and all his plans and hopes. The contrast, painfully affecting as it is, is one which the poets have always delighted to dwell upon, and to hold up in the sharpest outlines of grief and disappointment. But this is not as things really exist for religious hearts by the merciful appointment of God. As in the light of a divine faith we advance through the successive stages of our earthly existence, and experience the deeper elements of trust and life which are wrought out through these changes, we learn to see and to feel, in the true relation of events to the soul, how kindly even here these apparent contrasts have been preparing one for another, and all arranging themselves as by a divine instinct for the accomplishment of their work.

We look upon a little child whose countenance is beaming with hope. He cannot stand still for joy. His heart, in unsuspecting confidence, is swelling with affections which reach out in the fervor of untried and unlimited desires. The earth is his play-ground, the sun his lamp, the winds his play-fellows, and everything around him answers to his keen sensations of delight. We know that those hopes, one after another, will be extinguished,—that those almost infinite desires, wandering, like the dove from the ark, over the weary billows of life, will find no resting place there, but return home again in sorrow. We know that those affections, unrequited or selfishly accepted where they have sought most ardently to spend all their wealth of happiness and hope, will often turn back in grief to the bosom from which they went forth, and brood there, it may be, over the disappointment and vanities of life.

But this is not all. Within these sorrowful changes is a divine alchemy, transmuting earthly hopes into a devout and heavenly faith. And in the light of that faith, we see a new and holier meaning in life. Our desires, repulsed and

turning back in sadness from their earthly wanderings, begin to find themselves compassed about with heavenly mercies. And these affections, born with such infinite longings and such a boundless trust, unfolding themselves anew and consecrated, hour by hour, as we advance, repose more and more with loving confidence in the bosom of God's love. We may not see far ahead. We ask not for that. We know it is good that a man should both hope and *quietly wait* for the salvation of the Lord. Our prayer is, that as our days, so our strength may be.

“Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet — I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.”

And so, step by step, we advance, God's truth unfolding itself within us, his mercies compassing us about, each day bringing to us our daily bread, each event kindly ordered to prepare us for the next, *all* the paths of the Lord mercy and truth to us, as they lead us on, by soft and gentle approaches, even though they compel us to leave behind many things that once were dear, our youth, our manhood, our strength, precious companionships and hopes, which opened upon us so sweetly once, and now so sweetly recede. For they depart only that they may give place to the milder light, the more peaceful hopes, the calmer affections, which reach on through bodily weakness and death to their blessed fulfillment in other worlds.

So Jesus, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, passed through life, hallowing every scene and event, feeling himself glorified in the hour of his bitterest anguish, and from the tomb rising to shed the light of heaven and immortality on us.

HOPE.

BY W. M. BICKNELL.

With varied ills and sore our lot is yoked ;
 And thus is man oft led, that leads the state,
 By such disturbers of our mortal peace.
 The door that brings us to content and gain
 Opes also to distress and loss and pain.

Cheerful now's the face of Hope,
 With upward look fixed on success ahead.
 'Twill not be always ill, thinks she. Just see,
 Right in the distance there, a few miles past,
 A few more hardships met, the change desired !
 There, soon, these evils will be o'er and gone ;
 This load of debt will drop, and moneys then,
 When claims are satisfied, as reflux stream,
 Will flow round mortgaged hearth and glebe, with tide
 Of comforts, long unknown, o'erspreading all.
 The good, ah, me ! somehow, is soon to bless
 The promise long of truth and righteousness.

.
 The years, a brood, have hovered here and flown,
 Still promises that Hope had made do lag.
 Unvisited the widow's humble door,
 Where Hope had sat, beck'ning from earth or skies
 Th' amenities that smooth the brow of care
 With gentle touch and look :
 So she, the light of years, is seen to grieve,
 With downcast look and saddened face appears.
 Alack ! how goes the world if Hope should die ?
 But look ! What seemed to carry mortal stain
 Doth not, Immortal Hope hath hoped again.

A CHINESE TRANSCENDENTALIST.*

BY J. T. BIXBY.

To speak of a Chinese Transcendentalist seems almost like a contradiction in terms. The Chinese are certainly the last people among whom we should look for such a type of thought. Shrewd, calculating, cautious, conservative, they have been appropriately called the "Prose of Asia." They are the Utilitarians of the ancient days, demanding the tangible and the practical, dismissing as folly whatever is beyond the reach of the senses or the comprehension of the natural understanding.

But the East in these latter times, when its long-closed gates have been thrown wide open to us, has had many surprises for us. Whether or not the commercial world is deriving the advantages it anticipated from the freer intercourse with the Oriental world, literature and knowledge are reaping valuable harvests. We have come to know something about the history of that country which contains a third of the human race, and whose records go back to an unequaled antiquity. We have been made acquainted with a tongue in which philologists find the most interesting relic of the earliest type of language. And, not least in worth or interest, we have been introduced to a philosophy that has out-lived twenty-five hundred years; that counts twelve distinguished masters before our era; and that has run pretty well round the whole circle of European metaphysics. We had, to be sure, for a long time previous, possessed good accounts and translations of Confucius and Mencius, and had been made familiar with their literary and moral characteristics. But of China's other philosophers, and other systems of thought, we have known little. One of the latest and most highly reputed

* Lao-Tse's Tao-Teh-King. Aus dem Chinesischen ins Deutsche übersetzt eingeleitet und commentirt von Victor Von Strauss. Leipzig. 1870.

histories of philosophy, for example, passes over altogether what the Chinese have done in this field, and justifies it on the ground that their philosophers have presented only the rules of propriety and external deportment; that it was the Greeks who first said to man, "Know thyself." The writer evidently knew nothing of the great mind whose speculations fall no whit behind those of Parmenides or Heraclitus, either in boldness, subtlety, or profundity, and who, a century before Socrates, wrote, "He who knows others is shrewd: he who knows himself is enlightened."

The early students of Chinese literature had supposed Lao-Tse only the father of a sect of star-gazers, jugglers, and devotees of the black art. Abel Remusat was the first European to study, in the original, the writings of this remarkable man. He found in Lao-Tse, to his great surprise, a genuine philosopher, a delicate metaphysician and an intelligent moralist. He pursued the study of Lao-Tse's work with enthusiasm, and, by an able essay, attracted to it the attention of European scholars. Later, Pauthier and Stanislas Julien translated it into French; then Chalmers, a few years ago, gave it to us in English; finally, we have, from Victor Von Strauss, in German, the latest and most accurate translation, accompanied by an elaborate introduction and commentary. No translation or commentary will ever make the "Tao-Teh-King" a book that he who runs may read; but, under Von Strauss' interpretation, it has become much more intelligible. He has not been misled as previous students have, by taking fancied aid of the later Chinese commentators, but has studied the original independently, and in the light of Lao-Tse's predecessors and contemporaries.

Our knowledge of ancient Chinese philosophy having been principally confined, as we have said, to Confucius and his school, these have long been taken as representatives of the whole character and highest attainment of the Chinese mind. Confucius does, indeed, represent one of the chief parties in Chinese religion and thought,—one of the prominent sides of Chinese character. But he is as unable fully to represent

the Chinese mind as Pope and Bentham to represent completely the English mind, or the Sadducee to stand as a comprehensive type of the Jewish character. As the English mind had tendencies which found expression through such men as William Law and S. T. Coleridge, as well as the tendencies which uttered themselves through Pope and Bentham; as among the Jews, side by side with the skeptical, self-complacent Sadducee, was the fervent and mystic Essene, — so the Chinese character had a spiritual and transcendental side of, which we find no hint in the famous founder of its state religion. It is Lao-Tse, — whose followers in the Middle Kingdom at one time placed it above Confucianism, and who still count more heads among their number than the entire population of the United States, — who is the chief exponent of this other aspect of the Chinese genius.

In Confucius we find a man of keen common sense, who seeks to make the most of the present life for himself, and who would have others do the same. He is a politician, a social scientist, a moralist. In Lao-Tse we find manifested an entirely different bias. He is more contemplative and more soaring. He would have us get as much out of the world as possible, — and find within an all-sufficient kingdom. Confucius aimed, by a multitude of strict forms and rules, to regulate the whole walk of the people. Lao-Tse would dismiss all such meddling and worry, and leave Nature to herself. To the former, external circumstances and ceremonies, the due observance of propriety, and reverence for parents and ancestors, were the chief things. Lao-Tse did not care much for the past. He concerned himself little about the external. His stress was laid upon the eternal and the internal, "The sage," he says, "makes provision for the inner man, not for the eyes." Moderation, the curbing of the desires, the conquest of the passions, the returning to unadorned simplicity and unaffected humility, — these are the essential things: things that free a man from all tyranny of outward conditions. Lao-Tse always wants to go to the root of the matter, and test them by eternal laws. Virtue, in its grandest aspect, is, in his view, neither more nor less than

following the Absolute Principle. "Propriety," he calls cuttingly, "the mere skeleton of fidelity and faith, and the precursor of confusion." Confucius acknowledged that he was a transmitter, and not a maker, — one whose only merit was that he believed in and loved and studied the old masters. Lao-Tse thought for himself. The old system, which aroused in Confucius the enthusiastic desire to reorganize it and make it permanent, had upon Lao-Tse quite another effect. It created in him a reaction and an opposition. Confucius, in short, was a conservative; Lao-Tse, a radical; Confucius, a traditionalist, Lao-Tse, a transcendentalist; Confucius, a practical materialist, Lao-Tse, a pure and uncompromising idealist. The difference between them is well illustrated by the anecdote of an interview between the two when Lao-Tse was treasury-keeper of the court of Chow. Confucius came to make inquiries about the ceremonies and maxims of the founder of the dynasty. They met and freely interchanged their views. Confucius returning from the interview said to his disciples, "I know how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how beasts can run. And the runner can be snared, the swimmer can be hooked, and the flyer may be shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon. I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and flies to heaven. To-day I have seen Lao-Tse, and can only compare him to the dragon." The matter-of-fact mind of Confucius could not comprehend the bold flights and deep insights of Lao-Tse, and was at once astonished and alarmed. Imagine a discussion between Chesterfield and Carlyle, or between Benjamin Franklin and Emerson, and we can get a pretty good idea of the character of such an interview. The difference between the two is the more striking, inasmuch as Lao-Tse at this time, having been born fifty years before Confucius, must have been already somewhat chilled by the conservative frosts of old age, while Confucius was in that fresh and hopeful period of youth that is generally progressive and revolutionary.

Lao-Tse's writings are comprised in one small volume, the "Tao-Teh-King," or treatise upon Tao and Teh. Teh means

simply virtue. But upon what Tao means there is the greatest dispute. It is the great puzzle in understanding Lao-Tse. For the doctrine of Tao is the central doctrine of his thought, and the interpretation given to it determines the character of his whole system.

The original meaning of the term is the path, the way. It is used in a few passages in this original sense. But everywhere else the sense requires some far higher signification for it. It is a primal, supreme existence, if not *the* primal and supreme existence. "There was an existence," says the twenty-fifth chapter, "incomprehensibly perfect, which existed before heaven and earth. So still! so transcendent! It stood alone, and was not changed. It pervades everything, and has not been endangered. It must be regarded as the Mother of the world. If I designate it, I call it Tao." Bringing together the various passages where it is spoken of, we find this Tao thus further characterized: it is bodiless and immeasurable, invisible and inaudible, formless and figureless. It is void, yet in operation exhaustless. It is the primeval father of all things. Whose son it is, is not known. It seems to have existed before the Lord. It gives the law to heaven, but finds its law in itself. Tao is existence, but incomprehensible, inconceivable. It is void and empty. Yet in it are forms, in it is essence, in it is truth. Any name that can be given it is not its eternal name. It is the abyss of abysses,—the mother-abyss from which all things have been produced. To it everything returns. It is ever without desire or need, and therefore ever without act. Nevertheless, itself thus unchanging, it creates forms, perfects, nourishes, sustains, protects all existence. It is the Identity of the Unnamable and Namable,—of the passive and the active. He who acts according to it becomes one with it. It is the foundation of virtue. The great peace-bringer, the jewel of the good, the deliverer of the evil, the forgiver of sin.

Such are the various attributes which Lao-Tse gives to his great Tao. What can combine in itself such grand, mysterious attributes? What existence or conception can rec-

oncile and explain such paradoxes? Some have understood it to mean reason; some, knowledge. Remusat identified it with the Greek Logos in the threefold sense of Supreme Existence, Reason, and Word. Stanislas Julien translates it Way, understanding it to express the sublime, peaceful, unconscious, unlaboring Course by which all things have come into existence.

Victor Von Strauss, however, contends that to answer to the lofty and varied attributes of Tao no lower conception will suffice than the conception of God. He believes that Lao-Tse had a surprisingly grand and profound consciousness of God, and an elevated and very definite conception of the Deity, which almost throughout was in harmony with the theology of Revelation. The Chinese language has no appellative for God. The only other general expressions which approximate to it are "Thian," that is, Heaven, and "Schang Ti," that is, the supreme Lord. The word "Tao," however, Strauss believes, was the most ancient word used as a sign of God, and was only afterwards supplanted by the others, and therefore was chosen by Lao-Tse as the best designation for his conception of the Deity.

We hesitate to dissent from such a scholar on a subject that he has studied so thoroughly; but it hardly seems to us that the Tao of Lao-Tse can rightly be reckoned as equivalent to our conception of God. We search in it in vain for those conscious and personal attributes which are distinctive of the Jehovah of Israel and the Heavenly Father of Christianity. Feeling, desire, affection, volition, — these have little or no place in great Tao. The qualities assigned to Tao are rather those of an essence or a principle than of a person. It is intended to designate, it seems to me, the Ultimate Essence, the Supreme Principle, of all things. Lao-Tse, like all mystics, like all *a priori* thinkers, would get at the heart of things. He would not rest on results: he wanted to know the causes from which they flowed. Beneath the properties of things he would find the ground to which the property belonged. Effects it was well to see, — but what was the process by which they were given form?

and what was the force that was the spring sustaining the process? Thus his thought passed backward, upward, and inward, till he perceived that all changes, properties, effects, processes were but results of One Great Power, — aspects of One Thing. Beneath all modes of activity, and all modes of existence, mother alike of earth and heaven, there was the one self-evolving Energy, — the one principle and substance, Existence. But even before Activity and Existence came into being there must have been the Inactive, the Non-existent, preceding them. The extended must have preceded its empty space in which it may find room. Creation, becoming, implies the void which it may fill up. The manifested universe — yea, the manifested *Deity* — involves some secret unmanifested Power or Being before it. And even this Passivity, this Emptiness, this Invisibility, this that is beneath all phenomenal existence, — whence came this? There must be a Source behind even this, — a Unity which unites this with the active and the visible; which identifies all opposites; something, in short, which is the Original Ground, the Ultimate Essence, of all things. This deepest Mystery; this Unknown, Unknowable, First Cause; this Unfathomable Abyss, from which all things whatsoever primevally, nay, *before* all time, proceeded, — Lao-Tse calls "Tao." Not that this is its true name, or indicates its real character. What that is, is entirely beyond our comprehension, our very conception. All names given it are equally inadequate. He calls it Tao only that he may have *some* name for it.

The Christian and the Theist of course identifies this Ultimate Essence, this Primal and Incomprehensible Abyss from which all things proceed, with the conscious personal God whom he believes in. But it is far from following that Lao-Tse's conception reached the same height and definiteness. The student who is familiar with the history of philosophy will find its equivalents rather in the conceptions of mystics and theosophists who have not commonly been reckoned at all clear or correct in their theology. The Tao of Lao-Tse seems to me to correspond more nearly to the Abyssal Nothing which as yet is no actual Thing, but the mystic Poten-

tiality of all things, — which Boehme presented as the primal element. It is what Tauler calls the Divine Dark; what Spinoza means by his One Substance; what Parmenides and Hegel called Pure Being; what modern philosophy tries to express by "the Absolute." It may perhaps best be interpreted by the light of Schelling's philosophy as it appeared in its last form. His doctrines of the Original Ground, — the Primal Essence which was before all existence, in which God and nature had their beginning; of the unintelligent Divine which is the potentiality of the intelligent God; of the continual process by which the one Primal Essence, variously distributed and modified, becomes, by its own forces, the various forms of existence; climbing up to the highest rounds of life, and then falling back into the silent, secret bosom of the Great Source; the doctrine of the undestroyed identity of these effects with their cause, of all manifested things with the Unknowable Source; an identity which is the mystery of mysteries, but which in life may actually be recovered and realized by a voluntary return of the individual to the law and imitation of the primal essence, — these characteristic doctrines of Schelling's system are the very same, almost, in fact, literally the same, as those of the "Treatise upon Tao."

The ethics and politics of Lao-Tse proceed directly from his theology. Having reached by his doctrine of Tao the primal essence of all things, Lao-Tse has attained the sure foundation, the all-sufficient guide for the rest of his system. Whether it be moral or political questions that present themselves, a solution is at once given by simply observing and imitating Tao. "That which was the beginning of the world," he says, "may be regarded as the mother of the world. Having once known the mother you may next know the child." "When the superior scholar once hears Tao, he diligently practises it.

Now Tao, as we have seen, nourishes, sustains, forms, and cares for all. So, with equal love and impartiality and activity, must the wise man. But the working of Tao is ever free from discontent or noise. It has no ambitious desire.

It may be named with the smallest. Though it conquers well, it does not strive; though things come, it is of their own accord. Everything takes form, and the forces spontaneously bring them to perfection. Tao, as it exists in the world, is like the rivers and seas. It keeps well down. Heaven and earth are lasting, because they aim not at life. The root of the moving is the still. Tao, in fact, is the mystery of all that is most opposite. The strongest is the weakest, the highest becomes the lowest; the greatest fullness is emptiness. The existent comes from the non-existent. Lao-Tse's great practical maxim is, therefore, "Act non-action. Find your great in what is little. If you wish the lofty choose the low." The superior man never departs from quietude. The sage who would teach avoids words. There is nothing like keeping the inner man. To produce, and not possess; to act, and not expect; to enlarge, and not control, — this is what he calls sublime virtue. "Appear in your own unadorned simplicity," he enjoins, "embracing realities, curbing selfishness, and curtailing ambitious desires."

He is profoundly suspicious of all so-called greatness, especially of all desire for earthly grandeur. "When gold and gems fill the hall," he reminds us, "none can protect them. It is when wisdom has conferred great renown that there are great shams." "To wear fine clothes and carry sharp swords; to eat and drink to satiety; to lay up superfluous wealth, — this I call magnificent robbery. This is not Tao, — sure enough."

The true greatness in his view is that which, like nature, runs to the valleys which all disdain. He that humbles himself shall be preserved. He that is worn out shall be filled.

The wise man dwells in life with a timid reserve. He is not self-displaying, and therefore shines. He who regards his greatest attainments as nothing may employ himself without exhaustion. As Socrates said, "I know only one thing, — that I know nothing," so Lao-Tse declares that "the best part of knowledge is conscious ignorance."

In his social maxims and his political instructions Lao-Tse is the same thorough Quietist. No one has more unquali-

fiedly advocated the policy of inactivity as the masterly thing in government. The thoroughness and pithiness with which he unfolds the doctrine would delight the heart of a free-trader. "When one who wishes to take this world in hand tries to make it according to his wishes," he says in a most pregnant sentence, I perceive that he will never have done. *The spiritual vessels of the world must not be made. He that makes marts, he that grasps loses.*" He takes the same ground as Dr. Channing held, that the best government is that which governs least. "By non-action," he maintains, "there is nothing that cannot be done. One might undertake the governments of the world without taking any trouble. As for all those that take trouble, they are not competent to the government of the world." "When the world has many prohibitive enactments," he says, in another place, "the people become more and more poor." "When there are many sharp weapons among the people, the land becomes subject to agitations; when there are many laws and restrictions proclaimed, thieves and robbers multiply. Therefore the good man says, 'I do nothing,' and the people spontaneously improve; 'I love quiet,' and the people of themselves become honest; 'I take no measures,' and the people of themselves become rich; 'I am without lust,' and the people of themselves become simple-minded."

Even to war and punishment Lao-Tse does not shrink from applying his non-interference principles, and condemning them because of their incompatibility with them. Weapons of war he denounces as instruments of ill omen. They are not the tools of a superior man. He uses them only when he cannot help. When he conquers, he is not elated: he who rejoices at the destruction of human life, he wisely says, is not fit to be entrusted with power in the world. The impoverishment which armies and battles cause he also notices. "Where legions are quartered, briars and thorns grow. In the track of great crimes there must follow bad years."

With equally vigorous logic he attacks the custom of capital punishment. "When the people do not fear death, to

what purpose is death still used to overcome them? And if it be so brought about that the people should always fear death, and we can seize and kill those who commit any outrage, who would dare to do so? There is always the Great Executioner. Now for any man to act the Executioner's part, this is hewing out the Great Architect's work for him; and he who undertakes to hew for the Great Architect rarely fails to cut his own hands."

The main ethical principles of Lao-Tse's system are, then, humility, simplicity, silent usefulness. The great lessons which he would teach are, non-resistance, the preciousness of the inner man and spiritual treasures, and the worthlessness of those external and worldly objects that excite the desires and ambitions of the world. The mere enumeration of this class of virtues is enough to suggest him who stands in Christendom as the Great Teacher of these things, and to call for a comparison of Lao-Tse with the Man of Nazareth. Measuring him by that highest of earthly models, we must pronounce him deficient, certainly, at least, in his idea of God. Grand as his delineation of Tao is, he fails to recognize the personality of the Supreme. He gives us no tender Heavenly Father, refuge in every trouble, sympathetic friend in joy and grief, tender monitor in temptation, stretching out his forgiving arms to the penitent. But we know of no predecessor or contemporary of Jesus Christ whose conceptions of the Divine Being and of human duty are more elevated and humane. He occupies, it seems to me, a far higher sphere of thought and sentiment than his much-praised contemporary, Confucius. Scorning to be confined by custom or external rules, seeking realities under the sole guidance of his own mind and heart, he could receive more of that inspiration of the Holy Spirit which, in all times and nations, is vouchsafed to the souls that will give it free entrance and play. Confucius, indeed, as it has often been proclaimed, uttered the prototype of the Golden Rule; but he intended it, as he afterwards explained, only in reference to friends and social equals, not at all as applicable to our inferiors or our enemies. When asked what was his opinion in regard

to the manner in which injury should be treated, he said, "Recompense injury with injury, and kindness with kindness." But Lao-Tse, in the very spirit of Christ, said, "Recompense injury with kindness." "The good I would meet with goodness. The not-good I would also meet with goodness. Virtue is good to all." The resemblance to the highest teachings of the Bible found in these words is exhibited in many other of the maxims of Lao-Tse. Compare, for example, the following sayings with the passages of Scripture we have marked against them. They are remarkable in themselves, and as coming from one who lived in China, and in the sixth century before Christ, as well as for the strong similarities they exhibit.

"That by which heaven and earth are long and lasting is their not aiming at life. Therefore the sage puts himself last, and yet is first; abandons himself, and yet is preserved." Compare Matthew xx. 16; Luke xiv. 10, xvii. 33.

"The sage makes provision for the inner man, and not for the eyes." Compare Proverbs iv. 23; Matthew xxiii. 26.

"When faith is insufficient it is not met by faith." Compare Matthew xvii. 19, 20.

"He that is low shall be filled. He that is diminished shall succeed; he that is increased shall be misled." Compare Luke xiv. 11.

"The sage is ever the good saviour of men. He rejects none. . . . The bad men are the material which the good men have to work upon." Compare Luke v. 32.

"He who conquers others is strong; he who conquers himself is mighty." Compare Proverbs xvi. 32.

"Lay hold on the great form of Tao [the Supreme Being], and the whole world will go to you." Compare Matthew vi. 33.

"But only he who takes no measures for life is above all this selfishness. . . . Which is most to you, your persons or your goods? Which is the greater calamity, getting or losing?" Compare Matthew vi. 25.

"The Tao [or the Supreme Principle] of Heaven has no

favorites. It always gives to the good man." Compare Acts x. 34, 35.

"The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others, the more he is increased." Compare Matthew vi. 19; Luke vi. 38.

How are these striking similarities to Christian thought, these apparent anticipations of the latest modern ideas which Lao-Tse shows us, not merely in his religious views, but in his philosophical and social speculations, to be explained? Has his book been manipulated by interpolators, or did he himself have any communication with the other side of Asia? As to the first suggestion, the Chinese scholars declare that there is no ancient book that can with more confidence be declared free from suspicion as to its antiquity and its integrity. There is a tradition, which some have thought there might be some truth in, that Lao-Tse traveled westward beyond China to the cities of Hindustan and Parthia, and even penetrated as far as the Roman Empire.

Such a journey would be very helpful in explaining the puzzling family likeness between the teachings of the East and of the West. But the legend where the story first appears is taken from a mythological account of Chinese gods and heroes, not earlier than the fourth century after Christ, and contains such anachronisms and improbabilities as to discredit altogether its historical character. We need resort to no such explanation. As Lao-Tse himself says, "One needs not to go beyond his own door to know the world. One needs not to peep through his windows to see celestial Tao. The further one travels away, the less he knows." Lao-Tse gives us such coincidences with European and Christian thought, such prefigurements of modern notions, simply because his spiritual stature raised his eyes to the same height of spiritual observation, and the same heaven was above him and the same earth beneath him.

It is only an illustration from a more remote quarter of what Mr. Lewes has endeavored to show in his History of

Philosophy, from Thales to Comte, that all modern philosophy, in its various aspects, however it may boast of originality and newness, is but a repetition of the course of ancient philosophy, — the same problems, the same answers, the same narrow circle of a few modes of thought, from point to point of which the human mind swings as it seeks to determine more completely the Great Reality of all things. It is, in fine, a conspicuous testimony to the essential unity of the human mind, and an additional proof of the supreme antiquity and attainments of that people who not merely anticipated us in the invention of gunpowder and paper, the printing-press and the mariner's compass, but plunged before us into the mysteries of the profoundest Transcendentalism, taught anterior to the Christian era some of Christ's loftiest instructions, and three thousand years ago proposed to abolish armies and capital punishments and all restrictions upon the liberties of the individual. There is here a most wholesome rebuke to that large class of people who are always prating about the wonders of modern progress, and who imagine that an enlightened or humane thought was impossible in ancient days, or outside of the pale of Christianity.

The later phases of the doctrine of Tao, as has happened with almost every great doctrine, did not keep the elevated plane on which it had its birth. The followers of the old philosopher, unequal to grasping and applying his ideas in their exalted spirituality, brought them down to their own sensuous level. His origin and life were invested with marvelous fables. They celebrated his supernatural birth from the side of a virgin. They worshiped him as the later Brahmans worshiped the mysterious Krishna, on the ground that he was one of the many Avatars, or manifestations of the Invisible Deity; the exalted, precious, most venerable prince, identical with him who, under different aspects, is the Incomprehensible Non-being; the great progenitor of the subtle and primordial elements. In his high appreciation of the power of the spirit which has identified itself with Supreme Tao, he assigned to it almost an unconditional mas-

tery. It can rule not only itself, but the material and the animal world. "He who has amplitude of virtue is like a child. The reptiles sting him not. Wild beasts seize him not, and birds of prey strike him not."

As Schelling's disciple, Novalis, pushed the mysticism of his master into a magic idealism, claiming that all belief is wonder-working, that the perfectly moral man can transform thoughts to things and things to thoughts, change desires into their fulfillments, and restore lost limbs, or kill himself by the mere power of will, so the disciples of the great Chinese Transcendentalist degraded his lofty theosophy into a theurgy, his pure abstractions into the most phantastic schemes and superstitions. They became, as it has been well said, the Neo-Platonists of the Middle Kingdom. Their talk was now of spells, of amulets, of gifts of second sight, of specifics granted by the princes of the air, of elixirs that rescued from the grasp of death. They gave themselves up henceforth to magical performances, figuring as jugglers, physicians, fortune-tellers. They became a sect, whose chiefs are called heavenly doctors, and whose arch-chief is commonly believed to exercise, as the incarnate Tao, absolute dominion in the sphere of the invisible.

But not by these later corruptions should we judge the doctrine of Tao any more than we should judge Christianity by Papal Romanism, but by what it was as its author originally gave it to the world; by what it was in comparison with the conceptions of the age in which it first appeared: and, though that century was one of the most fruitful in remarkable men of any century of history; when Greece blossomed with such moral and intellectual flowers as Thales, Pythagoras, and Xenophanes; when Judea was blessed with her Jeremiah and Ezekiel; when Persia's ancient faith was remoulded and inspired by her Zoroaster, and in India appeared Sakya-Muni, the great founder of Buddhism,—I doubt if there is any among them that, take him all in all, as thinker, moralist, and statesman, deserves to stand above the "Old Philosopher of China."

A TOUR AMONG THE GERMAN SCHOOLS.

BY SAMUEL OSGOOD.

It is evident that education is constantly gaining interest in Europe, and that not only the whole modern movement of popular liberty, but the apparent triumph of the great nations over the old Roman empire and church, is making the school-house the fortress as well as the nursery of its new civilization.

The Jesuits see and detest the tendency of nations to take the education of children and youth into their own hands; and to them and the whole Papal party popular education under native teachers, in the native tongue and in the national spirit, is a far more deadly blow against the exclusiveness of the Latin church, its literature and its priesthood, than all the creeds of the old Protestant Reformers or the assemblies of the Evangelical Alliance.

The little volume of some two hundred pages with four illustrations, bearing the date of Zürich, 1873, and entitled a "School Tour in Germany," by Jos. Büklmann, Teacher in Zürich, which has come to hand, gives a very vivid and instructive account of the author's visit to the leading schools in Middle and Northern Germany during his vacation from August 3 to September 26, when he was back again at his own desk. He appears to be a decided liberal, and to have started upon his tour just after the victory of the German arms over French invasion, and with the motto "Popular Education with Popular Liberty" upon his lips. To go among schools during his nine weeks' summer vacation has been his habit for many years, but in the autumn of 1871 he started from home for Gotha and Middle Germany with peculiar enthusiasm, and the next year he continued his visits and he examined in a general manner the schools of Freiburg, Strasbourg, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Worms, Mayence, Bingen and Wiesbaden on his way to Frankfort on the Main, which was his first objective point. Upon the schools in Frankfort, Gotha, Jena, Weimar, Leipsic, and Munich he bestows most of his

attention and he ends his narrative with an account of six remarkable private schools, the most memorable of these being the Seminary for Girls at Romanishorn upon Lake Constance.

Our tourist found the same general system of management prevailing in the schools of the Middle and North German States. There are four kinds of them, people's or common schools, citizen's or grammar schools, real or scientific schools, and gymnasiums or classical schools. The people's or common schools are for all children from six years of age to fourteen or until their confirmation, and the attendance upon these schools is obligatory. If one teacher has charge of the whole eight years' course of study, the school is called one-classed, even if he has an assistant. But if there are two or three or more distinct teachers, the school is called two or three classed, — or more according to the number of teachers employed. The oldest class is called the first, and the youngest class is called the eighth. In the majority of schools the girls and boys go together; in the great cities the sexes indeed are separated sometimes, but as a rule both stand under the same direction and frequent the same school-house. The form and the substance of instruction are the same for both, with the exception of geometry, the use of gymnastic apparatus, and female manual employments. In the common schools, the branches of instruction are universally these, — Religion, the German language, Mathematics, Geometry, History, Geography, Natural Science, Writing, Singing, and Gymnastics. These branches are obligatory, although some of them lead a troubled and lingering life. These popular schools are partly supported by tuition money which is paid by the scholars at various rates, according to the wealth of the parents and the number of scholars from the same family, — the rates being less for a large number from one family than for one scholar. If there are more scholars than can be accommodated in one building, another school-house is erected, and sometimes a higher price is charged and the name Citizens' School is given so as to draw away the richer scholars and to create a distinction which this Swiss repub-

lican tourist does not like. Sometimes the opposite course is taken, and the children of the working people are sent away to the new school at cheap rates.

The second North German class of schools is the Higher Citizens' or German Schools, which has usually a course of six years' instruction, and which generally receives pupils from the common schools after their tenth year, and dismisses them at the close of the sixteenth year. It is the aim of these high schools to give a more thorough culture than the common schools, and to prepare for practical life the youth who do not intend to enter the real schools or the gymnasiums to complete a scientific or literary education. Yet generous provision for superior minds is made by allowing one year of elective studies to such scholars as shall pass a satisfactory examination upon the regular studies. These high schools usually separate the sexes, and the boys have more science and mathematics, and the girls have more literature and language in their instruction, although the French and English languages are taught to both.

The Real Schools most resemble the high schools, and they were originally only what these ought to be. They admit scholars from the common schools in their ninth year and keep them into the eighteenth year, and teach them the branches of practical and scientific education with the addition of Latin. These schools are encouraged by the Prussian government especially, and graduates from them have advantages in seeking offices in the civil service. The tendency is to put these scientific schools upon an equality with the classical gymnasiums, and we Americans can very well understand the drift of opinion in Germany in this respect from what we see in the rivalry of scientific and classical studies here in our own country.

The gymnasiums, in respect to the ages of their pupils, stand upon the same footing as the Real Schools; and they are devoted chiefly to the ancient classes, and they thus keep up the study of the humanities very much after the old college standard.

The German school year begins soon after Easter and

closes shortly before Easter, so that pupils enter upon their course generally in spring. The number of school weeks varies between forty and forty-four. The vacation of from eight to twelve weeks is divided into three parts, — the first part, from two to three weeks, being at the close of the school year, the second part of four weeks being in the heat of summer, and the remaining portion of from two to four weeks being in autumn immediately after Michaelmas. The yearly examination takes place in the second half of March.

The common and the high schools of the cities are under the direction of experienced secular school committees. The rule is to entrust the instruction to regular teachers of classes, and only in the highest classes to employ distinct professional masters. Religious instruction is given by laymen, not by clerical teachers. Teachers in the same institution hold the same rank, and often teachers of high culture, and even of literary name are employed in the lowest classes of pupils, a fact which utterly scouts the absurd notion, that little children can be safely left to teachers who have little mind and knowledge. Even in point of salary there is no disposition to cut down the reward of elementary teaching, and the regular class instructor often has a higher salary than the professional masters. Sometimes a house and wood with garden are a part of the teacher's pay, and after forty or forty-five years' service in some regions the salary is continued as a pension.

In the schools of Middle and North Germany women are employed only to teach the feminine manual arts. Many country districts to which school mistresses have been recommended, refuse to employ them. Few of these are found in the city schools, and they are employed only to teach the three elementary branches. The question of introducing female teachers in the cities has been agitated of late and our tourist declares that many school directors spoke to him very decidedly against employing them.

Büklmann gives much information upon modes of teaching and the qualifications, duties, and treatment of teachers in the cities which he visited. In Frankfort he was sorry to

see the schools divided according to confessions, and he hopes to see the better system introduced, which brings all the children under the same rule of education with allowance of distinct religious instruction for the several confessions. He found that in the high schools there fifty scholars were thought sufficient for one teacher, and that the teachers received from one thousand to twenty-eight hundred florins salary, or from four hundred to about eleven hundred dollars. Two hours a week are given to religious instruction, — from three to thirteen hours to German, according to the class, and two hours a week to gymnastics in all the classes. The number of hours of teaching for the week varies from twenty-one to twenty-six. The boys' course of study is a year longer than the girls'. The girls study French two hours a week more than the boys.

I cannot give even an outline of the Kindergarten School at Gotha, the Garden School at Weimar, or of the remarkable school systems of Leipsic and Munich. The narrative is full of instruction, and would make an admirable education tract for our own people. I have only space and time for a few words upon the extraordinary seminary for girls which was established at Rorschach on Lake Constance, and which has lately been transferred to Romanishorn. It comes nearer to the ideal of a girls' school than any institution that I ever heard of, and the ideal does not seem to have ended in words. This seminary was founded in 1865, by a number of liberal and public spirited men who saw and felt the defects of the prevailing modes of female education. After maturing their plan, they chose the grounds of a healthful and charming watering place on the banks of Lake Constance for the location. Due regard to light, heat, and ventilation was paid in the buildings that were erected, and so complete were the sanitary arrangements, that the hospital apartment was used only once during the whole seven years, and in this case only for two days and by one patient, whilst in many instances delicate and feeble girls after a single year became well and strong without the use of medicine.

This seminary was organized by the Protestant pastor of

Rorschach, Rev. R. Zollikofer, and in a short time it became very prosperous. For six years he divided his time between his pastoral office and this enterprise, and then he resigned his parish for this school. He employed eight teachers, besides professional masters of particular branches, and he arranged a full course of nine years' study, — five years for the primary course, three for the secondary, and one for the advance course.

In addition to the usual branches of female education, religion according to the confessions, the German and French, Italian and English languages and literature, Writing, Drawing, Arithmetic, Music, Geography, History, Natural Science and Female Manual Arts, there are taught here at all stages of instruction methodical practical exercises in the different branches of housekeeping. In the upper classes also Book-keeping, Theoretic Housekeeping, History of Culture, Science of Health (Physiology, the care of children and of the sick), the Science of Education with practical employment in the Kindergarten and in teaching.

With all this range of study, weariness is avoided by due variety and by recreation, and especially by constant reference to natural objects instead of books, and by the living voice of the teachers. Housekeeping is taught to the scholars by regular instruction in household arts with patterns and implements to illustrate them; also by mending, cutting, and making their own garments and those of the younger scholars, by daily work in the chambers, parlors and refectory; by daily employment in cooking, in the provision room and in the vegetable cellar, and in the purchase of household commodities; by the care of the vegetable and flower gardens, of the fowls and their chickens; also by practice of the arts of decoration, in making artificial flowers, leather and straw work, knitting and needle work, such as best suits the winter months.

The scholars live out of doors in summer except in school hours. They bathe often, live on wholesome and simple food, walk much, dress judiciously and without corsets or crinoline.

Our tourist rises into true Swiss enthusiasm over the seminary: "There noble women and single-hearted men of progress, you have a wide field of labor, worthy of yourselves, second to none other! Build it up! Raise woman intellectually and morally and you raise manhood."

I only add that the removal of this seminary to Romanishorn promises to carry out more effectively its essential principles under the founder's own eye, and that the yearly charge for each scholar is only nine hundred and twenty francs including board and instruction.

I have told a pretty long story with the simple object of conveying to your readers the valuable information which this little book contains. It is well for us all to go to bed every night wiser than we were when we rose in the morning, and every reader of this tour will be able to do this.

EUTHANASIA.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

THE waves of light are drifting from off the heavenly shore,
The shadows all are lifting away forevermore;
Truth, like another morning, is beaming on my way;
I bless the Power that poureth in the coming of the day.
I feel a light within me that years can never bring;
My heart is full of blossoming, it yearns to meet the spring.
Love fills my soul in all its deeps, and harmony divine
Is sweetly sounding from above, a symphony sublime!
The earth is robed in richer green, the sky in brighter blue!
And with no cloud to intervene God's smile is shining through.
I hear the immortal harps that ring before the "rainbow" throne,
And a spirit from the heart of God is bearing up my own.
In silence on the Olivet of prayer my being bends,
Till in the orison of heaven my voice seraphic blends.

— *S. D. Robbins.*

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A SERMON. BY REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

Bear ye one another's burdens. Every man shall bear his own burden. — GALATIANS vi. 2, 5.

HUMAN society has grown out of human sympathies and human needs. Man is a creature who requires companionship, both for his own happiness and for the welfare of his kind. No one liveth, no one can live, to himself alone. There are certain affections, which are like tendrils, that run out and grasp hold of the objects around them. There is a certain sense of mutual dependence. There are certain needs, which find their supply in associate feeling, action, thought, enjoyment, and the like. All this is not accidental. It is a necessity of human life. We were made for love, for friendship, for society. We could not be human beings without these. Possessing these affections, sensibilities, sympathies, and needs, having this sense of mutual dependence, and its corresponding obligation of mutual help, we hear, with ready assent, the injunction of the apostle: "Bear ye one another's burdens."

But, while we are thus related to our fellow-creatures, and are bound up by these social ties, — while we are members of society, — we still are endowed with a personal, an individual nature. We have the sense of personal responsibility, and personal obligation. There is an individual character to be cultivated. There are certain tasks and duties, which are to be performed alone, and for the right performance of which society can afford but little aid. We are ourselves. We have our own peculiarities, — of temper, of disposition, of modes of thinking and doing, of intellectual belief, of moral principle, of religious faith. We are not all moulded into the same form. We cannot all adopt the same opinions, or suffer ourselves to be all moved by the same force. There are indeed certain measures, certain beliefs, and certain laws of life, in which we are substantially in ac-

cord with each other, and in this accord, the great movements of society go on. But there must necessarily be certain differences. The individual cannot be lost in the mass. Individual character is not like the drop of water, which falls into the stream, and is henceforth lost. It still preserves its identity. And this, too, is necessary, in order to attain the highest and the best manhood. Society there must be — we must bear one another's burdens. But there must also be a decided and unmistakably personal force of will, thought, and character. "Every man shall bear his own burden."

Attempts have sometimes been made to analyze human character, as it is usually exhibited, and determine the exact measure of the results which society has produced, and of those which have come from the exercise of individual forces and principles. I heard an acute observer say, not long ago, that society produced at least nine-tenths of these results. Our naked, individual virtue is very small. We are affected by a regard for the opinions of others. Society holds us up, aids us, gives us a certain re-enforcement and strength, without which our characters would be very lame and our virtue very feeble. "It is to society," he said, "to the invisible but all-pervading power of our social life, that we are indebted for the greatest part of what we have of correctness of life, of respectability of manhood. If society should fail of holding us up, we could make but a very poor show indeed. Strip us down to our own unassisted virtue and there would be but very little of it." Now I think the estimate of our indebtedness to society is too high. I do not believe, that we are so much dependent upon these social forces. While I am profoundly grateful for the aid which I receive from all these social arrangements which help to keep me from falling, I yet insist that I am, to a great degree, independent of them. If I did not feel certain of my independence, I should greatly fear for myself; for sometimes society leaves me alone, and I should then be in danger, — I should be easily led into temptation, and should be especially weak before its attacks. There come times to every person, when he must rely only on himself, when he has to call up the resources of

his own nature, and decide, almost upon the instant, as to the course which he is to pursue. Society does not give him any help then. He must think and act, according to his own convictions and principles. He has his own burden to bear, and he must bear it, as best he can. It is impossible to shift it upon the shoulders of another. Even human sympathy, which is very strong, does not avail. Human affection and respect are insufficient. Alone, the soul must meet the emergencies of life. Alone, must it endure the sorrow, and bear the pain. Alone, must it fight the tempter. Alone, must it pass through the shadow of death. Yes, feeble as is our virtue, weak as our manhood is, it is upon that we can alone rely in the great crises of our experience. We do not call upon society, then, for help. We cry out to the living God. We look up to the infinite and almighty spirit of the universe. We call to our side the divine presence. We are no longer alone!

The view which is taken of society, as furnishing the greater part of our moral and intellectual training, and as accomplishing the greater part of the results of character, is like a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. If we are indebted to society, for the most of our goodness and our virtue, we shall be justified in saying, that we are indebted to it for the most of our vice and sin. And this is an opinion which has many advocates. We are told of the duty which society owes to the weak, the poor, the sinning, the criminal. Society, it is said, produces these classes of persons. "Crimes and criminals are the out-growth of social influence. Crimes take the lines and aspects of the country in which they are committed. They show not only guilty men, but a guilty people. The world does not merely say that the laws are unwise, or the judiciary is corrupt, but it charges the guilt home to the whole society." These statements are true to a certain extent and with certain qualifications. But they are not wholly true. While society is responsible for the evils which affect us, and does aid in their growth, we must be careful, lest we make it too prominent in the matter, and thus lessen the force of personal responsibility. Society

does owe a duty to its unfortunate members. But the unfortunate members still owe a duty to themselves. "The sense of personal responsibility is one of the great safe-guards of character;" and when that is diminished, or weakened, character is to that extent injured. It is a weak plea,—it is the plea of the coward, that society is responsible for his faults and his vices. It is an indication of moral weakness, to declare that society owes him the entire duty of supporting and lifting him up, and helping him to a better position and a better life. There are some faults and vices for which a man is himself responsible; and there are duties which he owes to himself, and which no one else, indeed, can by any possibility perform.

Consider, for a moment, one of the most common vices of our day,—intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks, especially as it is exhibited among the wealthy classes. Is society to be held responsible for this? Not altogether. It is a peculiar, personal matter with every member of society. It is for each one to say—for himself and herself—whether this kind of self-indulgence is to be permitted to go on and strengthen itself in the high places of the community. There is plenty of it in the low places, and there, if any where, should we be justified in fixing the responsibility upon society. But even in these cases, I would not agree to fasten all the blame upon society. This habit, and others of the same kind, are the result of a want of self-command and self-control. The appetite is stronger than the man. There is a weakness of moral principle. There is a want of moral strength and moral courage. What is needed is to build up and fortify character; to teach a man to have the mastery of himself; to teach him, also, that it is only by complete self-mastery, that he can rightly perform the duties he owes to himself, to society, and to his God. I believe, also, in the necessity of cultivating a certain pride of character. We should learn to respect ourselves more, to hold ourselves at a higher estimate, to rise above the doing of a mean or ignoble act, and to be ashamed to allow any appetite or desire to conquer our manhood.

Of course, what I say of man applies to woman also. It is not society altogether, that makes woman fashionable, frivolous, and worldly. There are women in "society," — technically so called — who are very simple, sincere, and lovely, and there are women whom society would certainly make very worldly indeed. It is the original, natural disposition, strengthened, I doubt not, by the social influence and training to which it is exposed and even subject, but not implanted by them. It is the weakness of woman, that she yields to social forces and becomes the slave of society to the depravation of her moral and spiritual nature, instead of using them to aid her in her growth to all things beautiful and good. Nor are the sins of woman wholly due to society. There is what is called the "social evil," — most destructive both to human happiness and human character. From my heart I pity and compassionate the poor creatures, who are its victims, these "mistaken souls," that have so sadly fallen by the way, thinking that the paths of pleasure which they are following, lead to any good or happy end — lead to any end, but that of misery and woe. Yes, they are objects of pity, in that they, too, have lost their self-respect and self-command. They, too, need strengthening and re-enforcement, such influence as that which Christ exerted upon the poor sin-sick soul of the Magdalen, softening her heart to penitence and arousing within her the slumbering powers of a pure and gracious womanhood, so that she might well feel that the

"Air seemed filled and living
With a mysterious power, that streamed from him
And overflowed" her "with an atmosphere
Of light and love."

Alas! it is not society that has made them thus, and it is not society that can cure and save them. The choice has been, in many instances, their own, and their salvation must be wrought out by themselves. I do not say that we have nothing to do in helping* them. I believe that we have a great deal to do. I would intermit no effort, I would cease from no prayer to the Almighty Father, in their behalf. I

would cry out earnestly to the divine pity to make them its objects, to reach down unto them and lift them up. But yet it must be by their own exertions and their own strugglings, that their feet at last shall be made to stand in the beautiful places of God's purity and love!

There are two classes of persons, who may, with some justice, be said to be independent of society, the very bad and the very good. The former are hostile to society, count themselves among its enemies, and consider its wealth, and its possessions of every kind, as fair plunder. They must necessarily be forlorn and unhappy, without friends whom they can trust, and with no real enjoyment of life. The latter are the leaders of thought and action in the world's busy life. They have their own deep resources of being, requiring but little from those around them,—receiving little, but giving much. They are not affected by public law, because they never come in contact with it, except to improve it, and bring it into accord with the divine law. Society is not their master, but their servant. They do not follow its lead, or obey implicitly its behests. They rather strive to direct it into right paths, and impose upon it a law, higher and better than it has been disposed to regard. They are the benefactors of society, became their aim and their work are to elevate and improve its character. In one sense, we may say, that they are lonely, for they have but little human companionship. They are forced to dwell apart, because there are but few to sympathize with their highest moods, or their completest frames of thought and life. Undoubtedly, in this view, Christ's life was very lonely. For in his aspiration and thought very few of those, with whom he lived, could have any participation. His spiritual life was above their attainment. His words were beyond their comprehension. He lived in a world by himself, and the entrance into it was vouchsafed to but one or two kindred souls. No one owed so little to opportunity, to time, to circumstance, to society: no one cared so little for them, for he was above them all. Yet, he was far from lonely, for he had the Supreme Father for his friend and companion, and at any time, even in the midst

of the multitude, he could bear about with him the serene and blessed fellowship of the spirits of the just made perfect, the prophets of the earlier time, the sons of God. But if, "like a star, he dwelt apart," still what guidance and comfort has his life been to the children of men, shining with its soft radiance across the deeps of time, to lead the courses of the soul struggling with many tempests, and buffeted by many winds, across the stormy ocean to the safe haven of eternal love! Christ was indeed, above our humanity, and yet there has never been one so near, so tender, so helpful to us all! He bore his own burden, ah! with what patience! He bore the burdens of other's sins and sorrows, ah! with what pain, yet with what divine love and pity!

There is this, now, to be observed: namely, that to become free from society, in the best sense, it is needful to grow into a state above it, as Jesus and all earnest and true souls have grown. I would not like to owe anything to society, — that is anything that would make me feel under perpetual obligation to it, but I would like to have society in debt to me. If I receive, I wish also to give. And though I am willing to acknowledge that society is helping to hold me up, I would far rather have the consciousness of an ability to stand alone, and to do something myself for the improvement of the community in all that pertains to its true life. "We are all of us born in moral stupidity," says George Eliot, "taking the world as an udder to feed our supreme selves." It is necessary, that we should out-grow such a state as that, and to learn that the Providential arrangements were not made simply for our peculiar happiness, but that we were put into the world to be of use to our fellow-creatures, and to increase their happiness if possible. If we have certain rights, we also have corresponding duties. The great moral mistakes which men and women make, are often due to a misconception of the proper relations which their duties have to their rights. When these relations are disturbed, mischief is sure to ensue. Thus we are told that we have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. True: but the duty to consecrate our life to honest and right action, to

use our liberty in the service of divine truth and in obedience to the divine will ; not only to avoid endangering others' happiness in the pursuit of our own, but also to strive for its promotion and increase, — even to our own pain and grief, sometimes, — is no less imperative and urgent. Both belong to us. Both belong together and cannot be separated. There can be no rights without duties. There can be no privileges without obligations. To claim the one, without acknowledging the other, is the essence of human selfishness, and issues forth in social and political wrong. It makes the miser, who hoards his wealth, instead of employing it for the common good. It makes the ambitious intriguer, who attains his position by the ruin of rivals. It makes the tyrant, who oppresses his subjects, when he should endeavor to promote their welfare. It makes the criminal, who revenges himself upon society for the wrongs which he fancies it has inflicted upon him. You may carry the principle into every possible relation of life, into the family, into friendship, into labor and employment of every kind, into every condition of existence, where human beings come in contact with each other. Let me repeat : there can be no rights without duties. Duty itself is the recognition of the claims which other persons have upon us, even to the sacrifice of our own interest and gains.

There is one very familiar, and as I think, very mischievous form, which this attempt to make society responsible for human character and action, is apt to take. That is, the moral habit of looking upon circumstances as the cause of one's misfortune or failure, and the corresponding habit of ascribing success to good luck, and the favorable chances of life. I am very free to acknowledge the power of circumstances, of association either good or evil, of the combination of what some call fortunate accidents. I am also willing to allow, that many of the faults for which we suffer are the results, not of a settled purpose of wrong-doing, but of a long series of influences and events in which we become entangled. A man makes a happy or an unhappy marriage ; he falls into good or evil company ; he engages in a profitable

or disastrous business ; he obtains a position which is lucrative or expensive beyond his means. All these at first-sight seem accidental, and come without one's volition. Are they really so ? Do they arrive unexpectedly ? When we trace the line back to its beginning, do we not discover that it commences in the personal will, and desire and the purpose of the heart. Was there not a point of time in one's experience, when he had the power and freedom of choice ? How, then, can any one call himself the victim of circumstances, or the sport of accident ? It is not a manly, it is not a correct way of regarding the matter. It leads to unthrift, improvidence, moral weakness, pauperism. Most of our experience grows out of ourselves. Circumstances do not make or mar us. Society does not work out our success, or our salvation ; nor does it bring upon us failure or destruction. Circumstances and events come from the operation of causes within the control of the human will. Society is the aggregate of individual experience. The moral atmosphere which surrounds us, and which effects us so sensibly, is the accumulation of individual moral sentiments, principles, motives, and acts. Instead, therefore, of complaining of the depravity of mankind, and the degeneracy of the times, and the cumulative power of inherited evil, and the general corruption of life, and the impurity of the moral atmosphere around us, it is our duty to do all that we can to improve human nature, to make the times better, to fight the evil down, to purify and disinfect the atmosphere of life, by living faithfully, sweetly, truthfully, and righteously, before God and man. Inherited evil ! Yes, undoubtedly there is a great deal of it. But the authors of it are beyond our reach. We must endure the consequences, and clear ourselves, if possible, from the taint. Thank God, the human soul has an infinite power of resistance to the evil, and of recuperation from its effects, could we only know how properly and effectively to use it !

"Every man shall bear his own burden !" I said, at the beginning, that the sense of personal responsibility is one of the great safeguards of character. No one has ever yet

done a great or good thing in the world, without learning to depend upon himself. Others may help, but each one must be the leader in his own life-battle. If that leadership be lost, the battle will go against you. In the old story of Eden the fall of Adam was complete, when he tried to excuse his own sin by the cowardly plea, "The woman gave it to me, and I did eat." Poor woman! who has had to bear the blame of man's wrong-doings ever since that early day! But she was hardly better, for she attempted to throw the responsibility upon the serpent: "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Unfortunately, the serpent lost his voice at this juncture and had no plea of any kind to offer. Oh, mean and timid human nature, that cannot stand up and acknowledge its wrong and its weakness, but seeks in evasion, and equivocation, and subterfuge, to escape the responsibility of its acts! When a man thus attempts to equivocate and evade, he is lost. His very courage in confessing and assuming the responsibility is his safety. When he says, "I am alone responsible for my acts," he commands respect. When he says, "My faults are mine; punish if you will; forgive if you can," he disarms criticism and censure. His sense of responsibility is his strength. Then his virtues are his own, and no man comes between him and his duty, between him and his God!

I press this upon the attention of the young. Do not, either in business or in character, depend upon external help, or wait for favorable opportunity or circumstances, or "trust to luck," as the phrase is, or think that society will either produce your virtues, or shield you from your dangers, or be responsible for your faults. Be your own helper. Make your own opportunity. Trust in your own resources of character, as they shall be deepened by your trust in God. Command society and live above it. Work out your own salvation. Be brave enough to confess your faults; take the consequences of your failures without complaining, and try your strength again with hopes of better results. There will be burdens to bear, and every one must bear his own, sometimes in the loneliness of his own thought and the solitude of his

own prayers and strivings. Temptation, duty, sorrow, are the portion of each one of us. The strength needed to bear all these faithfully and well must be acquired within the innermost precincts of the soul, by the cultivation, with God's help, of those spiritual faculties, with which God has endowed his children. It is only thus that you can hope to be fully prepared to bear one another's burdens. He that furnishes his own manhood amply, she that causes her own womanhood to expand in the beauty of a graceful and loving life, can alone be successful and effective in leading the world on to virtue and making it sweet, bright, and clear for the divine life to dwell in. Meet your temptations bravely, do your own duties faithfully, bear your own burdens trustfully, and you will be able to help others in ways more numerous than you think, and to ends more beneficent than at first appear. How helpful to an entire community is a strong-hearted and firm-souled man resting on unshaken convictions, and living from the ever-fresh, increasing power of righteous principle ! What a blessing to society is a sincere, pure, true, self-reliant woman, who sees with single eye and a simplicity that puts to shame all double-mindedness and falsehood, whose stainless soul banishes vice from her presence, or leads it penitently back to the Father's feet, and whose obedient, confiding love to God makes human love appear divine !

This manhood so strong and fruitful, this womanhood so pure and fearless, is yours to win, O brave and hopeful youth !

My vision sometimes sweeps
Over life's winding road,
And sees the narrow path
Grow high and broad :
It sweeps far down the night,
And sees a day,
Resplendent with the light
Of worlds away.

— *Mrs. J. S. Adams.*

CHRISTIANITY THE SCIENCE OF MANHOOD.*

THE book whose title is given below contains in less than two hundred pages a very complete and satisfactory discussion of one of the most important subjects now agitating the public mind. It is calm, clear, concise, comprehensive, with a quick appreciation of the decisive fact and principles involved in the subject. In short, it seems to us to be a very valuable work — bold and yet reverent, questioning yet believing, pushing away what is irrelevant or unsound, not by denying, but by the assertion of what is true and vital.

From the chapter called "Christianity Alone Universal" are these passages :—

"Any being who can love has access to all the needed knowledge of God. The Christ, as the manifestation of God to the world, offers to the love of man, in his own person, all that is fairest, noblest, highest, best. And he who loves and follows him progressively lives all best things, though he know but few. Though he be no theologian, he lives the highest theology. Though philanthropy as a system be unknown, he lives the truest philanthropy. Though political economy be all unread, he lives the highest political economy. Though no socialistic philosopher, he lives for the best interests of society. And so all truth, and all good, he advances toward, and lives out, unknowing. Whatever the wisdom of the highest can do for them, love for him who is the highest wisdom can do for him.

"Love then being the central, governing principle of humanity, the one that is universal, possessed by all nations, classes, grades, and men, the religion that is true must make its appeal to this. Just this is what Christianity, and no other religion, does. It is therefore capable of universality. And since it, and it alone, is thus capable, it herein bears the unimpeachable credential of truth.

"But further than this, we have seen that it also makes claim to the other essential attribute of the absolute religion, that is, that it

* Christianity the Science of Manhood. A Book for Questioners. By Minot Judson Savage. Boston : Noyes, Holmes and Co.

should be able to take humanity where it is, and become in it a vital force of growth toward the fulfillment of its perfect manhood. This it does by presenting to the human heart a perfect and attractive personal ideal, — an ideal that can draw the lowest in morality, and least cultured in intellect, while at the same time, it is no less attractive and stimulating to the highest and best. Here then, in presenting the person of the Christ as the manifestation of God to the love of man, is the distinguishing feature of Christianity. And this presentation answers the demand of the highest conception of religion that we can form. It becomes in men a power of loving and following the highest. As an illustration of what is meant by the power of the Christ as contrasted with that of any other, take the words of Napoleon: 'Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself have found empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this moment millions of men would die for him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to earth to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery, and the eternal kingdom of the Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extended over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living rather?'

We copy the whole of Chapter VI.

CHRISTIANITY A POWER OF SELF-REALIZATION.

How the person of the Christ is a power, it is now our business to trace out; and,

I. It is a power of arresting the attention and holding the interest of the world. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." And this attracting power of his person is one of the most wondrous things in Christianity. Did you ever meditate upon it so as to take in its significance?

And it holds, without answering, the curiosity of all men and all times alike. Confucius, Socrates, Mohammed, — these men have no such personal hold on humanity. We follow their careers, read their maxims, and put them one side as beings comprehensible like ourselves. We do not feel that what they were, or did, or said is of any great importance, or practical concern to us. Their interest is a purely historical one. But the Christ comes ever freshly before us, an unreadable sphinx for our curiosity, and a perpetual

challenge to our moral sense. We cannot put him one side. His person haunts us with the suggestion that it is of infinite importance for us to know his claims upon us, and the basis on which they are founded.

And you must not think it a small matter that it is made the Christ's first power over humanity that he appeals to its curiosity. Unless Christianity began here, it would lack one main proof of being divine. If we could classify and arrange it, and put it away on the shelf, we should be done with it. What makes the difference, in the interest we feel toward them, between a common pond and the ocean? We can walk around a pond, and fathom it, and know it all in an hour. The ocean is a perpetual mystery. We walk along its margin, and it casts up ever some new gift at our feet. We sail on its bosom, or dredge its deeps, and compel it ever to some new utterance of its infinity. We sit on its rocks in childhood, and then again when our years are upon us, or in old age, and the same mystic song, tumultuous in its thunders on the cliffs, or mellow in tiny ripples on the sand, holds us by its fascinating spell. Like Scheherezade, it has always a story that we wish to hear, and is never done.

In this, Christianity is at one with all that God has made. Childhood and flowers never tell us their mystery; and so we never tire of them. You can no more explain a violet than you can the universe. And the insoluble marvel of life ever looks up anew from the new-born baby's eyes. Astronomy is a perpetual attraction, because it holds in its recesses new glories to be revealed. The "Northwest Passage" has an irresistible attraction, because of secrets not yet unfolded. A thousand men will be interested to pick a lock where not a hundred care what is in the room beyond. This insatiable curiosity is an attribute, and one of the most important attributes of humanity. Thus the religion of humanity must grasp and hold this faculty by something ever beyond it.

Herbert Spencer defines knowledge as simply a process of classification. For instance, I see a new flower, and I say, "That is a kind of rose." I know the flower after that. Or I find a new animal, and I say, "He is of the canine species." I know him then. And, as he says, that which cannot thus be classified cannot be intellectually known. Thus it follows inevitably, that if Christianity is above and beyond all other religions, it must be forever a mystery. If it could be classified with other religions, it would thereby appear to be no more than they. Because it is divine and

true, it must forever be an unanswered challenge to the human mind.

Thus, like the ocean, like mountains, like childhood, like the starry heavens, like the life and mind of man, Christianity, having upon it the finger marks of God's infinity, is fitted to attract and hold the attention of the world throughout all time. It can never be solved, tied up in a paper, and laid away on the shelf of humanity's past.

II. It is a perpetual condemnation of human imperfection. As a model, as an ideal, as a presence, as a guardian, as a companion, this is true.

All sense of imperfection and wrong comes by comparison and contrast. And whatever else Christianity may or may not have done, it has hung in the heaven of man's eternal consciousness an unapproachable moral ideal. So glorious is its excellence, and so all-searching is its power, that no one can escape it except as the sunshine may be avoided,—by hiding away from it in the dark. "It is the light that enlightens every man coming into the world." So that Jesus may justly say, "If I had not come and spoken unto them they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin."

The Christ is a model by which to measure our endeavor, and by which in fact all the morality of the world is consciously or unconsciously tried. As the young sculptor works with mallet and chisel, turning again, and again, hour after hour, to his model, to correct his thought and guide his blows, so do men turn to the Christ. Whether or not the world confesses his claim to originate and bestow, it does regard him as embodying and representing the moral character of the race.

He is in the mind and heart an ever-growing and expanding ideal of moral beauty. He forever stands above where we are to condemn our not being further. Just as a painter's ideal grows with his mental development and artistic attainment, keeping always ahead of him. Perfect beauty and execution are so much larger than his thought that he can never outgrow them. Thus ranks the central person of Christianity. An ideal of moral beauty that can never be completely thought, he forever condemns contentment with partial attainment.

As a felt presence of purity and nobility he works ever a conqueror of sin. He haunts the minds of those who have been trained under the influence of his teaching and character, as a lov-

ing and reproof presence. Other great characters of history share this power according to their greatness and the truth which they embodied. Alexander lived under the forming influence of Homer in his Achilles. Plato walked in the shadow of Socrates. And so all the master minds of the world have exerted a singular beneficent or blighting power over the minds of those who have lived under their shadow. But the Christ is the supreme example of such a force, because he is the supreme mind and heart of the world. We cannot shake ourselves free from his presence. If we will not walk in the light, but choose cellars and caves instead, even there a stray beam through an unexpected chink, or the bright memory of the upper radiance, will still come to tell us how dark and cheerless we are.

As a guardian also he convinces. No man who had seen it, was ever yet able to forget his mother's face. And though grown to never so independent a manhood, could he feel himself set free from allegiance to the moral queenliness of the gently-commanding countenance. And this, not because mother's eyes had anything like a sword behind them. They demand obedience by the simple force of the moral truth and love that look through them. They rule, because they are above us, on a height we ought to occupy, and because they bid us come up higher. All the omnipotence of God's eternal right is in their mildness. And so, the Christ. Embodying the righteousness of God, he becomes of necessity an authoritative guardian of our life. And when he beckons us away from evil towards himself, it is with all the authority of God's everlasting and unchanging truth and right and beauty.

And as an inseparable companion he reproofs and convicts. I have looked into faces that made me blanch; and they were always the faces of those whom I looked up to as better than I. They searched me, as if one walked through the chambers of my soul with a candle, peering into every unswept corner, seeing every foul picture, uncovering every hidden possession. I have always had almost a superstitious awe in looking upon the portrait of one of my dead brothers; and yet no brother was ever loved more than he. The love and awe blend, and are one. He always seemed to me wondrously pure and noble. And now as I sit and write, I look up at his face, or as I walk my study and stand before his picture, I feel so deeply his loving companionship in my inmost soul, that I become ashamed of everything I ever thought or did,

that I feel he would have disapproved. As such a loving brother does the person of the Christ come to every soul of man. As such he is felt by all those who receive him. With loving reproof and winning counsel, his unspotted companionship condemns our sins, and turns shame and self-reproach into motives for better living.

Thus as a power of moral conviction the Christ stands perfect. Nothing higher for this part of the work of the absolute religion can possibly be conceived.

III. This person of the Christ, the central force of Christianity, has also an infinite power for creating a new life in man.

This power of the Christ is like the power of the sun in spring. Simply by hanging over the earth and shining does the sun drive away winter, and bring in the beauty and glory of June. The very bluster of March storms and the gusts of March winds, are but results of the rousing and quickening power that will destroy them. The season may halt, or even seem to turn back upon its course, but the presence of the sun on high makes us certain that the frost king's reign is broken, and the scent of spring buds will soon be on all the air. Thus "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" shines ever down upon the world of men. And beneath its power icy indifference melts, clouds of doubt dissipate, new life springs out of the death and decay of the past, and the verdure and fragrance of a garden takes the place of the former desert.

No other system ever offered the power of a personal love as the regenerator of character. Drawn by the glory of their achievements, the splendor of their renown, or the attractions and excitements of army life, — some few, perhaps, by personal admiration, — men followed Alexander into Asia, or Napoleon over the Alps. But the Christ is the first great leader of history who, by the power of his personal love, has drawn thousands of men out of and away from their most fascinating passions, and their dearest sins. Not only embodying the severest outline of moral purity, he has clothed it with a fascination that makes the world go after it. He has discovered the secret of the human heart, and so drawn it into magnetic sympathy with his own, that in all its variations and vibrations, it is ever settling nearer and nearer to his true north. It is said that every structure, as built, is pitched to some one musical key, so that he who can discover and sound its chord may control it at his will. The Christ has the key-note of humanity, and at the touch of his divine music, he makes it thrill and vibrate as he pleases. To quote Napoleon again: "Christ speaks, and at once

generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood, — by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all ties. He lights up the flame of love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity."

There is no sin nor wrong in human nature, or in human life, but the love of the Christ has shown its power to uproot, subdue, and overthrow. And this, not by force, which is unequal to it; nor by fear, to which some are not susceptible; nor by exhortations to prudence, which many will disregard; nor by abstract ideas of virtue, which only a few appreciate; but by the controlling and elevating power of a new love, capable of coming to all, which swallows up all lesser attractions as the sun puts out the stars.

And it would uproot all sin from all hearts, if only it could gain universal admittance. But the will holds the door. And if it should attempt to work by mechanical force, it would thereby disprove its claims. Mohammed may force his creed into men's hearts on the point of his scimitar, and they be neither better nor worse. Ritualism may herd men within its walls, and teach them to pronounce its shibboleths, and they be neither better nor worse. For since all moral action must be freely chosen action, mechanical force has no relation to human character. The Christ might smite with thunder-bolts, or awe by miracles; but not thus would he be saving men from sin. Such being the nature of humanity and human action, the religion of humanity must be one of moral causes and moral results. And now,

IV. The personal love of the Christ is an endless power of progress in the individual and in the race.

This claim is not made for many of the institutions that have grown up around, nor the accretions that cling to Christianity as a system. It can itself advance only by sloughing many of these. It is the personal love of the Christ that is the power of endless progression. His unapproachable ideal leads, and must forever lead the world. The disciples looked up to him, and said, "Master," justifying the claim he made when he said, "You call me Master and Lord, and you say well; for so I am." And every century since has still looked up and said, "Master and Lord." For the high-water mark that humanity has touched in any extraordinary individual has been indicated only by comparison with him. This one, we say exhibited some of the gentleness and meekness of the Christ; that one, some of his wondrous purity; an-

other, something of his divine charity; a fourth, a little of his broad, world-wide superiority to national and sectional divisions. But no one has dared to claim equality with him in any; much more, the completion of all combined.

The absurdity of the thought of outstripping, or leaving behind the moral ideal of the Christ, is too absurd for refutation. As well might a ship-master think to outsail and leave behind his horizon. Old landmarks may recede and disappear, familiar constellations may sink down the sky, new continents, new climes, and strange civilizations may rise to view, but the horizon ever advances, encircles, and holds them all. So may humanity sail down the ocean of the future. Old headlands may sink, familiar forms go down in the receding distance, new and strange civilizations and forms of life and activity may arise, grow, sink behind, and in turn also disappear, and again give place to new. But the Christ ideal will still be wide as the sky, and grand as the cope of heaven. Unapproachable in the blue and spotless deeps of its infinity, it shall be the endless ocean for man to sail on, the boundless atmosphere for him to breathe, and the limitless space to shut him in, and give him infinite room.

And yet, so wondrous is the effect of this ideal, that, instead of crushing us by the sense of its being forever unattainable, it only stimulates and thrills with the sure hope of an endless advance. And this again is a divine adaptation. Man is such a being that the attainment of all that was possible to him, and a consequent stagnation, would be misery. If then he is to be immortal, there must be room for immortal advance. And this is found only in an unfathomable, unattainable ideal. So it is fitting, that while the Christ touches us on the side of our humanity, his life should still stretch off into the infinite, and manifest him who is the All. If Christianity did not do this, it could not be true.

And now what have we gained by this chapter? We have found that Christianity, unlike any other system or religion, appeals to that in man which is universal, and comes as the power of a new life to all who will receive it. It not only brings theory, it turns it into fact. It not only offers an ideal, it makes that ideal a life. It not only tells men what to do and be, it helps them to do and be it. It not only comes to the sick man, and tells him what health means, it makes him well. It not only outlines the true manhood, it progressively creates it.

THE PRAYER GAUGE.

PRAYER is the cry of the child to his Father for help. But it does not follow because the prayer is answered that each separate petition is literally granted. All other petitions, all other moral and spiritual influences, the laws of the physical universe, the well-being of all God's children, as well as the specific wishes of this particular one in the prayer that he now utters, are combined in producing the answer. And yet every true prayer is answered. The soul which pours out its petitions to God and seeks his help is not left unregarded.

Mr. Cummings, in his handsome volume called "Birth and Baptism," has some wise remarks on this subject:—

"If from a condition of comparatively vague desire we are to come to what we may call definite terms of communion with our Father, this will, of course, require a humble docility on our part. We set down a teachable attitude and temper of the soul, therefore, as essential to sincere praying.

"For what is our spiritual longing? Is it not the struggle we make under a sense of ignorance and depravation? Is it not our cry after the knowledge, for lack of which we are near to perishing? The word of instruction is the bread of life. When we approach him 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' we have become fools that we may be wise. We do not repair to the omniscient One for guidance, when we are feeling that what we already know is sufficient to our purpose; and the more we sit at the great Teacher's feet, the less do we lean to our own understandings. The exercise of praying is evermore the surrender of the soul to the Spirit of truth, that he may guide us into all truth; that he may guide us in his own way—by his own means. We have prayed but ill, if we cannot learn from the unlearned—when the unlearned is taught of God. The divine light may be reflected upon us from enemies, since they have understanding as well as we; and we have not prayed well, if we will not use it. Luther said, 'To have prayed well is to have studied well;' while in what we look upon as the inspired records of human experience and affairs, how often does prayer appear as an inquiring of the Lord.

"Nor can we separate this spiritual docility from practical obedience. Therefore we are sure that praying implies the most solemn determination on the part of the suppliant to exert himself in accordance with his authorized requests.

"We have very clear intimations for the most part of certain means and methods through which God will grant our petitions, taking us meanwhile into intimate co-operation with himself. We do not appeal to the divine energy, that we may be excused from our agency. We are not clods or stones, and we do not ask to be treated as if we were. In the very act of praying we set our seal to God's truth declared in nature and revelation; we bow to his sovereignty, and swear allegiance to his law. We enter into the effort of universal love. Our very supplication attains to its full sense and scope only in the intercession of our High Priest before the throne; and we attain to that consummate virtue at which prayer aims — even to the same mind which was in Christ Jesus — not merely by desiring and willing, but also by doing and suffering, even to the last sacrifice. Is God mocked? Shall a man be begging for his grace, who will not obey his word? Shall a man with solemn form and repetitious importunity ask for strength to do what he is determined not to undertake? Is that prayer? Nay. That is to incur gratuitous guilt and needless condemnation. When we pray sincerely we never ask God to work that we may be idle. On the contrary we enter into most binding league with him to be faithful on our part, while we confess that we can accomplish nothing without him. At one time we pray the Father to bless our common industries; again we entreat him to refresh his spiritual heritage, when it is weary; and in both suits alike we are consecrated to our duties in his kingdom. Is there any aspect of our probation — so many petitions as we present — more startling than this?

"Furthermore, the exercise of prayer involves submission.

"How deep, how determined must be the true suppliant's assent to all the divine administration. Has he cast down himself, that the Highest might take the throne? Does he do this again in every breathing of loyal aspiration? What oath of fealty, what vow of patience, what affirmation of trust could be more signal and effectual? 'Thy will be done.' 'Nevertheless not my will.' Such is the hidden spirit, if not the express form, of all prayer. 'Thy will, not mine,' qualifies every petition, wings and hallows every desire. Thus, however partial, mistaken, or even impossible, some

of our requests may be, they are all 'according to his will ;' since it is the Father's will above all things, which is always sought. Animated by this filial spirit the prayers of the faithful are infallibly accepted. To the whole assembly of praying souls in all past ages we may appropriate what Milton says of the first repentant and suppliant pair : —

‘To heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate : in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors ; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne.’

“It remains to say a word as to what answer to prayer we are entitled to look for.

“And here, if I may adjust the thought of years ago to the humor of the hour, we are offered a ‘test’ or ‘gauge’ by which, with unutterable niggardliness of faith, it is proposed to parcel out from the combined energies at work in a given case just what and how much is to be credited to the efficiency of prayers. Sober and devout Christians have been invited to a ‘conversion’ sudden and violent, which would instantly turn them into a generation not commended by our Lord — a generation that ‘seeketh after a sign.’ Having begun their praying in the spirit of universal love, it is suggested that they be made perfect through the letter of an extremely narrow partiality, and actually limit the holy One in his answer to their intercessions — for instance, ‘to one ward of a hospital.’ They shall attempt to win eternal Goodness to work new vigor in the patients of that ward — the proof implying that the patients of all other wards are to be left as ‘vile bodies,’ without the same gracious visitation. The answer must not come through a happy suggestion to a medical attendant, for that might enter into the common medical treatment, and so avail the abandoned patients. There must be no answer to any prayer on their behalf. They have only the powers of nature and the medical routine in their favor. But what if the prayers for the particular ward had already been anticipated by long ages in the supplications of the universal church ; and the hospital itself with much of the medical treatment and some force of nature and a million nameless fruits of charity were the answer ? Since the ‘test’ is incompatible with

both the definition and the history of prayer, it doubtless belongs really, though possibly not in the intention of him who proposed it, to the 'oppositions of science falsely so called ; which some professing, have erred concerning the faith.'"

WHITE-CAPT WAVES.

White-capt waves far round the Ocean,
Leaping in thanks or leaping in play,
All your bright faces, in happy commotion,
Make glad matins this summer day.

The rosy light through the morning's portals
Tinges your crests with an August hue ;
Calling on us, thought-prisoned mortals,
Thus to live in the moment too.

For, graceful creatures, you live by dying,
Save your life, when you fling it away,
Flow through all forms, all form defying,
And in wildest freedom strict rule obey.

Show us your art, O genial daughters
Of solemn Ocean, thus to combine
Freedom and force of rolling waters
With sharp observance of law divine.

—*J. F. Clarke.*

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

WELCOME SOIREE TO THE REV. E. H. SEARS,
D.D., OF AMERICA.

Under the above heading the London "Inquirer," of July 26, gives a very interesting account of the welcome given in London to our friend and associate, Dr. Sears.

The Rev. Dr. Sadler, chairman on the occasion, said, —

"There is no doubt that we shall give to Dr. Sears a very warm response this evening (laughter) in more senses than one. But we must imagine this building a little more crowded than it is to do justice to all who would wish to be present. If there be any truth in the words of John Milton, 'Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain the progeny of life in them to be as active as that living spirit whose progeny they are,' then we have met Dr. Sears already in some of the most valuable works that have proceeded from the religious press. (Hear.) His 'Foregleams of Immortality' and 'Regeneration' are well known in this country, and, if I am not mistaken, his more recent work, 'The Heart of Christ,' will excite even greater interest.

"Dr. Sears has also rendered good service in acting as joint editor with my friend Mr. Rufus Ellis, of a very valuable periodical, the 'Monthly Religious Magazine,' which admirably answers to its name. If I were to venture to state what seems to be the characteristics of these works, I should mention great originality of thought and great richness of spirit; and, in taking the conservative view which he has, I think, my friends, that Dr. Sears has shown a courage as a thinker quite equal to that of those among us who hold what are called very advanced views. If there be any danger of a want of through comprehensiveness and catholicity in our body, I believe it has regard, not to those who propound what is new or question what is old, but to those who venture to think that the evidence preponderates on the part of that which is old rather than what is new. If, however, our freedom is only of that kind which allows us only to doubt and disbelieve and not to believe, then in my humble opinion it is not worth the name of reli-

gious freedom at all. (Hear.) We welcome Dr. Sears here this evening not only out of personal regard and gratitude which he has inspired by his writings, but also as coming from that great nation to which God—whatever diplomatists and rulers may do, and they I believe are now going in the direction of God—to which God has more closely united our nation than any other nation on the face of the earth, and still more as the representative of that portion of the religious community in America with which we especially sympathize. I need not to say to him and to you that we hold in very high esteem our Unitarian brethren in America for the work they are doing and for the works they have printed, which have greatly enriched our literature. That has grown in many instances into a warm affection through the visits of our brethren to this country, through which we have had the opportunity of personal intercourse with them, and listening to their speeches and discourses. Circumstances have come under my own eye of Dr. Channing's visit to England very long ago, in the shape of most interesting and valuable letters written by him to Lucy Aiken and another friend living at Hampstead in a correspondence which lasted until the time of his death, and which has impressed my mind more than have any of his printed works with the wonderful elevation of his religious views and the breadth of his human sympathies. I am old enough, too, to recollect the visit of Dr. Gannett, and the stirring eloquence of the sermons he gave us. I can recollect the texts of all the sermons he preached here, and I hope our young friends recollect the texts of all the sermons they hear now. (Laughter.) I was not in England when Dr. Dewey was here, but from what I was told I almost seem to have heard one sermon—namely, that from the words of Nathan to David, 'Thou art the man.' Some of my most pleasing recollections are of the time I spent with Rufus Ellis. Then there is Mr. Mountford, who went from England, but who now sympathizes more with America than with England; still he belongs to both. Then there was that most genial and large-hearted man, Samuel May. Of the impression produced by Dr. Bellows and Robert Collyer I need not say a word, for I am certain it is as favorable and as fresh in your minds as it is in my own. (Applause.) We feel it to be a great privilege to have among us from time to time so many of their ablest and most earnest men."

"Mr. G. T. Preston moved, and Rev. H. Ierson seconded, the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That this meeting rejoices to see in England the author of 'Foregleams of Immortality,' Rev. E. H. Sears, D.D., of the United States, and begs him to convey to his brother ministers and our churches of his country the sincere and increasing interest felt among us in every movement and utterance among them that leads to develop and strengthen the religious sentiment and the Christian life of the world.

"The resolution was put and carried, amid much applause.

"Dr. Sears, who was received with cheers, confessed that he did not expect so hearty a welcome. He knew that they had warm hearts. He was heartily glad that he had the opportunity of speaking to them. He thanked them, not merely on his own behalf, but on behalf of those great truths and principles which he knew they praised, honored, and loved, and which were reflected in that meeting. They had been kind enough to mention books which he had written. He did not take the least credit to himself for having written those books; he did it because he could not help it. He felt an urgency all around him which said write, write, and send it to the judges; and so he wrote because he could not help it. What should he say to that meeting beside his warmest thanks to them for their welcome? What should he say to interest that meeting, and turn it to as good an account as he desired? Should he speak to them of Liberal Christianity, its hopes and prospects? There were friends who could speak on that subject better than he could. His course had been in the quiet, retired shades, gazing on the countenance of truth, as Milton said, in the quiet, still air of delightful study. He would like to express to them what seemed to him the prospects of the cause in America, which he knew they honored and loved, the cause of free thought and Liberal Christianity. It seemed to him that as it had passed the second stage it would also pass the third. They had had fifty years of controversy, during which they were told that they were dying out. Perhaps some of the churches were declining. But what did they accomplish in that time? The right of private judgment. The right of a man to think his own thoughts and express them in his own way. That was the glorious achievement of fifty years, for which Channing lived, and which constituted his crown of glory. He achieved it not merely for Unitarians, but for all other denominations. Was that not more than denominational success in the common sense of the word?

"He did not think they had existed as a denomination in

America more than eight years. At that time Dr. Bellows called a meeting to advocate a general conference. The plan was adopted, and that he believed was the commencement of their existence as a denomination. They now experienced the meaning of those words, 'the fellowship of the churches, and the communion of the saints.' They had now the fellowship of the churches, before they had the fellowship of ministers: they had now a creed. He (Dr. Sears) was amazed that Dr. Channing did not believe in a creed. He did not believe in human creeds, because, he said, they came between him and his Saviour, in whom the divinity dwelt. That divine creed was the basis of their National Conference. It was the preamble of their constitution. It was put into another article that there might be no mistake about it. Were they making any progress? That depended upon what was meant by progress. If it meant extension of territory, then there had been no progress. But if it meant spiritual enlargement, progress in height, depth, and breadth of thought, then not only they, but other denominations had progressed. Just before he left home he received a letter from a Baptist minister, speaking of the very book which had been referred to, 'Foregleams of Immortality,' saying how it expressed his own sentiments. Christian union was now becoming based on the principles of a broad Liberal Christianity, taking hold of the popular mind, and moulding it so beautifully that one might be liberal without ceasing to be a Christian and a Christian without ceasing to be liberal. There was another change of opinion which he was surprised Unitarians had not noticed more than they had. He referred to the change of opinion on the subject of death and the resurrection. He had read a small book, written by Miss Phelps, called 'Gates Ajar,' which gave most beautiful views of the Christian life, breaking away from the gloomy views of death. That little book had gone through one edition after another, and been read with the avidity of a novel.

"Once get away from the doctrine of the resurrection of dead bodies, and how clear appear the falsities of artificial arrangements. Their own English poets, Mrs. Browning and Wordsworth, had made their pages glow with those higher, beautiful views of a future life. Once their views were condemned, but the whole subject had had a new outlet, and in connection with that subject it would be a sin and a shame if they omitted the name of Emanuel Swedenborg, who would become better known to the whole Christian world and

the whole of humanity, — a man of whom it might be said as Coleridge said of Milton, 'He strode so far before his age that he dwarfed himself in the distance;' but the age was coming when the shores of immortality should come so near the shores of time that there should be no dark river between. Death now, instead of being wailed, should be hailed with songs of victory. He did not think that the changes of which he had spoken were owing to their controversies, but rather to the new aids which were melting through their best literature and through their hearts. He thought that not far hence they would merge into a more liberal comprehensive Christianity than any they had yet seen. He remembered the story of Captain Parry and his men, who were trying to travel to the North Pole, but they found by-and-by they were traveling on an ice-floe, which despite their efforts would drift further south. They would find that notwithstanding all their controversies they were drifting into sunny waters. He believed that their denomination would find itself in advance in the great army of the living God which was moving forward to take possession of the world. Let him express one hope and aspiration before sitting down. Their friend Mr. Ierson had expressed a wish that there might be a communion of churches of the Old World and the New. He (Dr. Sears) hoped the communion and fellowship of Unitarians would be closer and closer, never growing less, but more and more. He hoped they would all be gathered round Christ himself, in whom the fullness of the divinity dwelt. If they were faithful to their religion and to him, they would realize that Unitarian aspiration 'that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.' (Applause.)

"It was moved by Mr. S. S. Tayler, and seconded by Mr. J. T. Hart, 'That this meeting is also glad to welcome Rev. Messrs. Alger, Fish, and Dr. Jarvis, and others from America, and trust that these friendly visits to our shores may bind the Unitarian Churches of America and Europe more closely together in Christian sympathy and in the common work of spreading the Gospel.'

"Short addresses were delivered by Messrs. Charles Derezi, Alger, and W. N. Green, and Revs. W. H. Channing, R. Spéars, H. Solly, Fish, and Dr. Jarvis, and the proceedings were brought to a close by a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman,"

MISS ANNE WHITNEY.

In 1859, the Appletons in New York published a little volume of Poems by Anne Whitney. The volume in its external appearance was not prepossessing and it attracted little notice. We asked the attention of our leading New England Magazine to it, but an ungenerous, unappreciative notice, containing some of the poorest extracts it could select, was all the help that was given. And yet we do not hesitate to say that this little volume contains some of the most beautiful poems ever written by an American women, — poems radiant and glowing with some of the highest tokens of creative genius. Since then Miss Whitney has been employing her fine powers of imagination as an artist. The following notice of her we take from "The Commonwealth" of July 26.

"Miss Anne Whitney is still in town. She has just received an order from the State for the statue of Samuel Adams to be sent to Washington. The other Massachusetts statue in the national collection is to be Governor Winthrop, and is to be made by Mr. Greenough. He has already made one of Governor Winthrop, a fine statue, now in the chapel at Mount Auburn. Miss Whitney's model of Samuel Adams does not profess to be an accurate likeness, — I believe there is none to be found ; but it represents a man of dignity and character, with a fine bearing and a good face : yet it will give no idea of Miss Whitney's genius. Her work is full of thought, feeling, and imagination ; she teaches by her art ; she has the power of representing centuries of history in one figure, as in her 'Rome,' a marvellous work of real genius ; and the figures of negroes which she has made tell the past sadness and the future hopes of that wronged race. Excepting John Rogers, who introduced the real negro into the real war scenes which he modeled, I know no artist who has dared to treat the negro as a proper subject for art ; but Miss Whitney has done it over and over again. Some years ago she made the model for a colossal statue of 'Ethiopia.' It was the figure of a women just raising herself from the earth in which she had been buried. The features and hair were African, but the face had a strange, pathetic kind of beauty, and she shaded

her eyes with her hand, and seemed to be looking far into the dim, unknown future. On the base of the statue were the words 'Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands.' Over and over again, in the sketches which she has made, Miss Whitney has used with great effect the wistful, pleading negro face, never shrinking from its peculiar characteristics, but always ennobling them. One of the last figures she exhibited was the negro leader, usually called 'Toussaint L'Ouverture.' There should be a statue at Washington to commemorate emancipation, and the negro should be the sole or principal figure. If 'Samuel Adams' will only open the way for Miss Whitney to have a commission for this work, she will have just the subject for her genius, and he will have served his country once more."

THE PRAYER. OF AGASSIZ.

The "Christian Union" (H. W. Beecher), speaking of the speech by Prof. Agassiz at the opening of the Anderson School of Natural History, says, —

"After a few opening words felicitously suited to put all their minds into fellowship, Agassiz said tenderly and with touching frankness: 'I think we have need of help. I do not feel that I can call on any one here to ask a blessing for us. I know I would not have anybody pray for us at this moment. I ask you for a moment to pray for yourselves.' Upon this the great scientist—in an age in which so many other great scientists have concluded that praying is quite an unscientific and very useless proceeding—bowed his head reverently: his pupils and friends did the same, and there, in a silence that was very solemn and very beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the Great Spirit the blessing that was needed. For our own part it seems to us that this scene of Agassiz and his pupils, with heads bowed in silent prayer for the blessing of the God of Nature to be given to that school then opened for the study of nature, is a spectacle for some great artist to spread out worthily upon canvas, and to keep alive in the memories of mankind. What are coronations, royal pageants, the parade of armies, to a scene like this? It heralds the coming of the new heavens and the new earth—the golden age when nature and man shall be reconciled, and the conquests of truth shall supersede the conquests of brute force."—*Norfolk County Journal*.

ELECTION OF GOVERNOR IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It is not for us to enter into political controversies except so far as fundamental principles of moral and religious duty are involved in them. In the coming election, we trust that Massachusetts is not to come down from the high position which she has always held, and in the choice of a governor show an utter disregard to public and private morals, and to all the qualities which dignify and adorn, or which degrade and dishonor, a people.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THEISM.

This is the title of a poem which comes to us without the name of author or publisher. It is evidently the product of one who has devoted to the subject so much thought that some sort of utterance has become a necessity. It is the great problem of the universe presenting itself to an earnest, thoughtful mind, and suggesting in the reality of God and immortality the only solution that can satisfy a soul that is fully developed. Apparently the author has not worn his singing robes long enough to wear them easily and gracefully. But there is sometimes a great deal of power in what he says. We give a few extracts.

“Angels broke the stillness
Of Judean night, when the inspired
Nazarene was born. ‘Glory to God the
Highest ! on earth peace, good will,’ fell on the
Shepherds’ ears — it was a voice of prophecy ;
A gleam of the radiant future
Melting into song ; a melodious
Prelude of dawning immortality
And endless life to come !

Jesus came, high type of man regenerate
To God, and living, preached in life, sermons
For the world. He was a Christ of living
Truth ; an epic of all sweet poetic
Thought for an advancing race ; an ideal
Of all the glorious humanities
In one, like prised colors in a ray
Of light ; an image of God’s love, he left
A benediction to the world forever !”

“Flowers need pure air, warm
Kiss of light, and tears of dew, ere they bloom in
Faultless beauty to the eye ; so with our
Souls : they must have air of heaven, greetings
Of the angels’ love, and tears of angel
Sympathy, before they grow in all the
Grace of spirit-loveliness which God ordains.
All woes and griefs, and wish of sin fade out
At thought of God and heaven, as stars at
Light of sun ! Life has stars of brightness,
Or ’twere more unbearable than now :
Immortality is God’s sun forever.
No night is there ! This mortal life is but
A fevered thirst to drink of the crystal
River flowing from God’s throne, drinking which,
We never thirst again ; though ever drink we
Deeper, deeper, the waters of that life-stream !”

“The Holy Spirit holds the key of death, —
Fitting hand to hold them ; the hand that wipes
All tears away, and writes a benediction

On each soul, consecrating it to God !
Death is only dark and fearful to those
Who do not know its errand. Bodies die,
Not souls, not affections, not holy loves,
Or precious memories ; things most like God
Live with God forever !

“To music listening,
Didst ever feel as though all the air around
Was but a liquid sea of holy joy ?
Hast heard a strain of melody, swelling
From low cadence into full and gushing
Song of gladness, and, as it grew more sweet,
Take your heart upon its wings clear to the
Gates of heaven ? Thus the Holy Spirit
Comes at death, 'mid the murmuring of our
Fears, and heart-string tremblings, bears the soul
In rapture to that bright realm of which
Music's the first melodious prophecy, and
Thrill of joy ! Such, O questioning soul, is
Death ! We never die ; for death is a re-birth
To the great life forever ! It is the
Spirit on its journey home, entering
Its 'house not made with hands, eternal in the
Heavens !' ”

“There are feelings so serenely sweet,
In wavy lightness dancing through us,
That language cannot utter half their
Blessedness and peace. They come of acts which
You and I may do as easily as breathe
The air, inhaling from it life. In duty
There's no drudgery, but pleasure in the
Doing ; as prayer is privilege, not penance,
Or penury. Religion is not fears,
Frowns, or doleful lamentations ;
It is Eden found, Paradise embowered
In beauteous thoughts, pure feelings, and souls
More consciously within God's infinite,
Sweet embrace ; while hope and trust
O'erarch our life, as bow the clouds

When storms are past, all radiant
With the future !

“ So let us pray,
For holiest, strongest, purest life is prayer :
Souls in unison with Deity.

“ Eternal source of life and light, God
Of the universe, help us to learn
Thy will, and live a life of blessing
Unto man, as to ourselves. Unfold to us
Thy blessed truths in such degrees as we
Have need to learn and feel their power.
God, we render thanks to Thee for every blessing
For life, for death, and for that glorious life,
Death beyond ! Hold us forever in Thy
Infinite holy keeping, that we may feel
The union of our souls with Thee — human
And Divine in one — with all sweet confidence
And blessed trust forever.”

LOVE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A fragment. By Harriet
W. Preston. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

A very pleasant, bright, happy story, with nothing morbid or sensational about it. The narrative flows on in a clear and healthful stream, interrupted by discussions which are natural and sensible. The book is the not unworthy successor of “Aspendale,” a delightful story by Miss Preston, whose admirable translation of “Mireio” is a valuable addition to the poetry of our day. This story calls itself a fragment, which we trust the author will complete when the two young people have had a few years more of experience. We have been interested for more than a dozen years in seeing actually before us the happy and successful development of just such a plot. Early marriages, made desirable by skilful, economical habits, unexpensive tastes, rational modes of enjoyment and reasonable wishes, will do much to check the feverish ambition and foolish extravagance which are undermining the purity and happiness of our domestic relations. The influence of this little book with its cheerful views and anticipations is all in the right direction.